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RELIGIO SPENSERI.

THERE is a great external resemblance between Spenser and Ariosto. It would be quite correct to call them scholar and master. Spenser's direct borrowings from the 'Orlando Furioso' may be seen in Warton's Treatise on the 'Fairy Queen;' and very possibly a minute comparison of the two poems might enable us to extend the list.* Ariosto's 'Alicina' has furnished hints for both Spenser's 'Duessa' and his 'Acrasia;' his 'Bradamante' is the evident prototype of the 'Britomart' of the English poet; and what we may call the stage properties of the 'Orlando Furioso'—its magic horns, shields, &c.,—reappear in fresh hands in the pages of the 'Fairy Queen.' The general plan, also, of Spenser's poem bears marks of Ariosto's influence. Though not so irregular, it still reminds us of the 'Orlando Furioso' by its divided interest, and by the long intervals during which its hero is lost to our view. Spenser mixes allegory with literal narrative far more frequently than does his master; but Ariosto's celebrated fourteenth canto is a perfect example of such a mixture, and one which evidently had a great effect upon his pupil. Again, Spenser has imitated Ariosto (as he has Boiardo and Pulci) by generally commencing his cantos with two stanzas of moral reflections. And the metres of the two poems present a strong superficial resemblance, broken as they each are into stanzas, instead of being divided into regular couplets, or flowing in blank verse. Yet, notwithstanding this apparent likeness, there is a deep and essential difference between these two poets. Ariosto's genius is comic and humorous; it costs him an effort to be serious. Spenser's is grave and pathetic. Ariosto's delight is in the grotesque and the surprising; Spenser's in the beautiful and the sublime. Nay (since the structure of a poem is to its subject as body is to soul),

we may see how much the minds of the Italian and English poets really differ, even by comparing the light bounding measure in which the former sports before us, with the stately march of the verse which conveys to us the deep and solemn thoughts of the latter.† Warton, therefore, is perfectly right when he says, that 'the genius of each was entirely different.' He might have added that the circumstances under which each wrote were very different also; that it was one thing to have *Sir Philip Sidney* for your friend and patron, and another the princes of *Este*; that the poet who devised complimentary strains to *Queen Elizabeth* was better off than he who was expected to do the like honor to *Lucrezia Borgia*; and, above all, that the fellow-subject of *Richard Hooker* could drink in the faith at the fountain-head, while, to the Italian of *Leo the Tenth's* day, it came polluted by all the corruptions of fourteen centuries. It is the diversity produced by this last cause between Spenser and Ariosto which strikes me as so instructive, that it is worth while to devote a few pages to its illustration. And I do so the more readily for this reason. The 'Orlando Furioso' and the 'Fairy Queen' are both long poems. Very few people engaged in the serious business of life have, or perhaps ought to have, leisure to study them. Those of us, then, who read them in our youth, and have not quite forgotten them in our age, may do a friend here and there a service by pointing out to him passages in them which he will be all the better for reading. And if there is a fine poem in existence to which the famous maxim, 'The Half is more than the Whole,' applies, it is the 'Fairy Queen,'—even in its present state. For if you read about half the extant portion, it will leave a much grander impression on your

* I think Warton does not notice Spenser's exquisite translation of the 14th and 15th stanzas of the 16th canto of Tasso's 'Gerusalemme Liberata.' It is to be found in the Second Book of the 'Fairy Queen' (canto 12, stanzas 74, 75), and, if possible, exceeds the beauty of the original.

† The Spenserian stanza is found (imperfect) in Chaucer's 'Monkes Tale.' It consists there of only eight lines, which read like the first half of an irregular sonnet. The final Alexandrine is apparently Spenser's own addition. This stanza is much more difficult than the 'ottava rima' of Ariosto and of Tasso (the four similar rhymes it requires are hard to find in English); but I agree with the accomplished translator of the 'Odyssey' into this metre, in thinking it much more delightful.

mind, than if you went conscientiously through the whole. Only it must be a selected half. Some stanzas here, several cantos there, omitting least in the first book, most in the fifth, and of the fragment of the seventh nothing. While saying this, I think especially of you two dear ladies, sitting with whom, in spring, by a lake more beautiful than that beside which Philomena sang (you remember the picture in the International Exhibition?) I talked of our favourite poets. Far better read, of far more cultivated taste, than most of us, and appreciating Spenser admirably, I think you yet each confessed that you had never succeeded in reading his 'Fairy Queen' through. It is for you, and such as you, that I propose to extract from Spenser a few religious passages which it may be you never read, which you would, I know, rejoice to read again, and which, I think, fully prove my assertion. By way of contrast, I shall set beside them some of the few stanzas in which Ariosto treads on sacred ground, translated to the best of my ability.*

The extracts from Ariosto will show us how deep was the decay of true religion in Italy at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and how fatally such decay hinders the development of the highest order of poetry: as, on the other hand, my selections from Spenser, while reflecting the glorious revival of faith at the Reformation, will exhibit to us how, whithersoever the healing waters flow, there the noblest outgrowths of the mind are seen to flourish.

I am not, therefore, about to institute a comparison between Spenser and Ariosto so much as *poets*, but rather to cite them as *witnesses* to the religious condition of their respective countries; bearing yet in mind that a true and living faith must ever be the noblest element in a poem designed to reflect human life; and that therefore to prove its presence or absence in any given work, is not indeed to assign that poem's place as high or low in the first or second rank, but is yet most truly to determine in which of the two it should be classed.

For the information of readers whose acquaintance with the poets is less extensive than yours, I should premise that we have at least as good a right to expect religious sentiments in the 'Orlando Furioso' as in the 'Fairy Queen.' The plan of the latter proposes to exhibit twelve principal

virtues; each embodied in the hero of a separate book, and triumphing in his person over the opposing vices. Spenser was enabled, by being a true poet, to clothe this somewhat uninviting skeleton with the fairest features, to enrobe it in the most gorgeous garments of abundant descriptive riches, and to wreath it with the loveliest flowers of poetry. But it was because he was not only a poet, but a Christian, that Spenser laid his foundation-stone in religion—made his first book a representation of holiness, and took care to refer all the succeeding virtues to the same source; whereas I fear that many a later English poet, engaged on a similar scheme, would have impersonated Truth, Justice, &c., in its divisions, with the slightest possible reference to the All-True, the All-Just; and with none whatever to the only way in which His fallen creatures can be restored to partake in His perfections.

Now, the 'Orlando Furioso' professes to depict how the Christendom of the eighth century fought for its very existence against the Saracen. Of this mighty struggle it makes Charlemagne the Christian champion; following the traditions which ascribed to him his grandsire's exploits as well as his own. There could be no more splendid subject for a Christian epic. Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered' has the disadvantage of recording an aggressive war undertaken by the subjects of the Prince of Peace. But the Moors, whom the earlier Charles 'hammered' on the bloody field of Poitiers, fell in a combat which they provoked themselves: and Charles Martel and his brave Christian followers fought to save the rest of Europe from sharing the fate of Spain. If, then, such a theme as this fails to inspire a really great poet; if his work is Christian in form, but Pagan in spirit; if his Christian heroes and heroines show small superiority in goodness over their rivals who follow the false Prophet; if, while the rude attempts of the old romancers expand in his hands into tales of enchanting beauty, he has let their devout spirit evaporate, and leave scarce a trace behind; if, in a word, he treats his great nominal subject with indifference, and puts his whole strength into romantic stories, delightful indeed, but having the slightest possible connection with his theme—we can only acquit the poet, if at all, at the expense of his times; and suppose that, while they supplied no examples of patriotism and religion by which he could conjecture how defenders of the faith should feel, they were such as to quench their flames within his

* Those who can consult the original will of course not need my help; and those who possess, what I hear is the admirable translation of Ariosto, by Stewart Rose, will know where to look for far better versions than mine.

own breast. I think any student of Guicciardini would consider this a correct description of Italy in Ariosto's days. Read in what state Luther found the clergy when he visited Rome; read the history of the Popes in whose days Ariosto flourished; and, though you will still regret, you will cease to marvel that there is so little soul in all the beautiful forms which meet you in his enchanted forests, so little earnest feeling about anything—just a touch here and there, hiding as if in fear of the mocking gaze of his contemporaries—in all the marvellous play of fancy, the prodigal variety of incident which delight us in the 'Orlando Furioso.' There is in Spenser—the first but one in order of time of the great names of English literature—that unworn freshness, that susceptibility to new impressions, that earnest sincerity, not yet frightened by the scorn of the careless into concealing its serious thoughts, which distinguish a great nation's youth. Ariosto, the latest but one of the great Italian poets, sings as one all whose illusions have been destroyed, and who knows that there is no need for him to feign that they exist, since the worn-out nation to which he sings has long out-lived its own. The following pretty description of Ariosto in Goethe's somewhat dull 'Torquato Tasso' strikes me as, in one respect, even more applicable to Spenser than to its object, for the 'Wisdom' which speaks from the 'golden clouds' of the 'Fairy Queen' is far more worthy of the name than that which occasionally resounds from those of the 'Orlando Furioso':—

"Even as Nature covers o'er the riches

Of her deep bosom with a gay green robe,
So wraps he all things which can give to man
Honour and love, in fable's flowery garment.
Contentment, Wisdom, and Experience,
Taste, the mind's strength, pure sense of the
true Good,

These in his songs seem to us spiritual beings;
And yet, in personal form, as if reposing
'Neath flowering trees, all covered by a snow
Of blossoms lightly-floated; crowned with roses,
And strangely sported round in their wild play
By little magic Cupids. Them beside
The spring of super-affluent Plenty flows,
Revealing fishes gay and marvellous.
Rare birds the air, strange herds fill grove and
plain;

A roguish spirit lurks half-hid within
The bushes: Wisdom's sentences sublime
Sound ever and anon from golden cloud;
Madness meantime seems here and there to stir
The chords of a well-tuned lute, yet keeps
In fairest measure still its music wild."

Goethe's 'Torquato Tasso,' act i. scene 4.

Let us proceed to our comparison of the two as religious poets. One of the prettiest of Ariosto's tales is his story of Isabella and Zerbino. Isabella is the beautiful young daughter of the Moorish King of Galicia, with whom Zerbino, Prince of Scotland, falls in love at a tournament. Not daring to ask her father's consent to their marriage, Zerbino, himself detained at the wars, employs a friend to steal away for him the willing Isabella from her home. The attempt succeeds; but the galley of the fugitives is wrecked on the coast of France, where Isabella falls into the hands of robbers, who immure her in their gloomy cave, intending to sell her, when opportunity offers, as a slave. She is delivered from their hands by Roland (Orlando) himself, who slays her captors and sets her free. Some time after, he has the pleasure of restoring her to her faithful lover. Zerbino, having had tidings of her loss at sea, has long mourned her as dead, and is himself on the point of being put to death under a false accusation, when Roland appears and rescues him. He then crowns his benefits by uniting him to the lady of his heart. But the happiness of the wedded pair is doomed to be of short duration. The terrible madness which gives its title to the poem seizes soon after on their benefactor, upon his discovery of the fair Angelica's infidelity. Zerbino comes with Isabella to the spot where, at the sight of Angelica's name carved with Medor's on the trees, Roland had flung armour, clothing, and even his renowned sword Durindana, away. Seeing his good horse Brigliadore grazing masterless beside them, and learning the sad calamity which has befallen his patron, Zerbino collects the arms together, hanging them like a trophy on a tree, and writes beneath, "The armour of the Paladin Roland." At this very moment the fierce Saracen Mandricard, who has long claimed Durindana from Roland, comes up and snatches it from the tree. Zerbino draws his own sword to win back his benefactor's; but is unable to hinder the aggressor from bearing off the weapon in triumph, and receives such grievous wounds in the attempt that he shortly after expires by a fountain-side. The following stanzas contain his pathetic farewell to his young wife:—

77.

"She knows not what to do except lament
In vain, and Heaven and fortune call unkind,
Unjust. 'Ah, wherefore,' said she, 'when I
bent
My sails for sea, could I no drowning find?'

Zerbino, with his fading eyes intent
Upon her, heard her grief with sadder mind
Than all that sharp and mighty agony
Had wrought, which now to death had brought
him nigh.

78.

"So, dearest life," he said, "when I am gone,
Mayst thou still love me, as my grief of heart
Is all because I leave thee here alone
Without a guide; not that with life I part.
For if my latest breathing hour had flown
In place secure, I had not felt this smart;
But, joyful in my lot, and satisfied,
A happy man in thy loved arms had died.

79.

"Yet since, unjust and hard, my destiny
Wills that I leave thee, knowing not to whom,
By these dear lips, these eyes, I swear to thee,
By this bright hair which bound my soul, to
gloom
Of the unknown abyss I hopelessly
Betake me, where, what else soe'er my doom,
The thought of thee thus left shall far out-
weigh
All other torments, be they what they may."

80.

"Then downward her tear-sprinkled face de-
clining,
Her lips upon Zerbino's lips she pressed,
Now fading like a rose which, lonely pining,
No timely hand has gathered and caressed,
Which waxes dim where dark leaves shade en-
twining;
And said, while bitter anguish shook her
breast,
'Oh, never think, my life, that thou canst take
That last sad parting step, and I forsake.

81.

"Nay, fear not that, dear heart; my steadfast
mind
Is fixed to follow thee to heaven or hell.
Fit is it both our souls depart — both find
The unknown road — together endless dwell.
For soon as I thine eyelids, death-inclined,
Behold, shall either slay me anguish fell,
Or, found too weak, lo! here I promise thee
To-day this sword my breast from grief shall
free."

83.

"Zerbino strengthened his weak voice to say:
'I pray thee, mine own goddess, and implore
By that prevailing love, so proved the day
When thou for me didst quit thy father's
shore —
Yea, I command thee, if command I may,
Live while it pleases God, and never more
Let any chance in thee oblivion move,
That I have loved thee well as man can love.'"

When, after more words of unavailing affec-
tion, the hapless prince expires in Isabella's
arms, her passionate grief makes her forget
his last request, and she is on the point of kill-
ing herself, when a hermit, on his way for
water to the fount, opposes himself to her
rash design.

88.

"That reverend man, by nature prudent made,
By grace with goodness gifted, and beside
All filled with charity, and well arrayed
With eloquence and good examples, tried
By efficacious reasonings to persuade
True patience to that hopeless-mourning bride;
And like a glass set women in her view
From out each Testament, both Old and New.

89.

"And then he showed her how no true content
Was to be found except in God alone;
And how with swift departure came and went
All other hopes, light and deceptive known;
And by his words he won her that intent
So obstinate and cruel to disown,
And will instead her life's remaining days
To consecrate her God to serve and praise.

90.

"Not that her will was ever to forsake
Either that love so great she bare her lord,
Or yet his dead remains; but hers to make
Them wheresoe'er she stayed, or went to ward,
And night and day, them with her still to take.
The hermit's aid (strong for his years) restored,
With hers, Zerbino to his sad steed, and they
On through those forests wandered many a day."
'Orlando Furioso,' canto xxiv.

Their destination is a monastery in Pro-
vence; on their way towards which retreat
they encounter for their misfortune the
proud Saracen, Rodomonte. He is charmed
by Isabella's beauty, and seeks at once to
dissuade her from her purpose. The good
monk only excites his rage by arguing on
the other side; and when he refuses to
obey Rodomonte by deserting his charge,
the Saracen flies at him fiercely, and we
read, after other insults, that

6.

"Then like a vice he grasped his neck (so grew
His fury), and when times some two or three
He round had whirled him, high in air he threw
From off himself, and flung him towards the sea.
What then became of him I never knew,
So cannot say; but fame speaks variously,
For some that he was dashed to pieces tell,
Left head from foot no more discernible:

7.

"But others that, though three miles off and
more,

He reached the sea, fell in, and there was drowned,

Because he knew not how to swim; his store
Of prayers and orisons all useless found:
Others that him an aiding saint up bore
With visible hand until he touched the ground.
Whichever of these tales may be the true,
With him my history has no more to do."

Having thus got her only protector out of the way, Rodomonte vainly tries to persuade, and then threatens to force, Isabella to marry him. She (resolved to die a thousand deaths sooner than betray her fidelity to her dead husband's memory and to her recent vows) devises a plan which is to constrain the Saracen to take her life himself. She tells him that she knows how to prepare a decoction of a certain herb, which will make whatever is bathed in it invulnerable for one month; and she offers to get it ready for him, if he will promise to abandon his suit. Rodomonte gives the promise, secretly intending to break it. Isabella collects the herbs, boils them, and then, smearing her own neck with their juice, bids the Saracen try his sword upon it. He incautiously obeys her, and severs her head from it by the stroke.

25.

"It made three bounds, and thence a voice
right clear

Issuing was heard Zerbino's name to say;
To follow whom, escaping from the fear
Of that proud Moor, she found so rare a way.
Soul, that didst hold thy plighted faith more
dear,

And chastity (a name in this our day
So much unknown it half a stranger seems),
Than thy young life, than all thy youth's fresh
dreams;

26.

"Depart in peace, so beautiful and blest!
Might but my verse prove such in force as I
Would strive to make it, to that art address
Which so can deck our speech and beautify,
As that through myriad years the world possess
With thy renown should hear thy glory high!
Depart in peace to sit enthroned above;
Nor rest uncopied here thy faithful love.

27.

"On that incomparable, wondrous deed,
From heaven the world's Creator gazing down,
Said: 'I commend thee more than her who freed
From Tarquin by her death the Roman town;
And therefore will I make a law, decreed
'Mid those my laws which change from Time
disown,

Which by the waves inviolate I swear
No force of future ages shall impair.

28.

"I will that each who in the after time
May bear thy name be fair, of noble strain,
Be wise and courteous, and of thought sublime,
And brightest crown of truest virtue gain;
That writers may find cause in every clime
That worthy name's high glories to sustain;
That Pindus, Helicon, Parnassus round,
Isabel, Isabel may still resound."

29.

"God spake, and made the air around serene,
And o'er the sea unwonted stillness shed.
To the third heaven, departing back unseen,
That spirit chaste to her Zerbino sped."

'Orlando Furioso,' canto xxix.

There is no other passage in Ariosto so touching as the farewells of the unhappy pair in the six first stanzas I have quoted. But they are, after all, but what a pagan poet might have written. Zerbino's anguish on parting from his bride is relieved by no consoling hope of a happy meeting with her hereafter. The under-current of meaning in his speech to her, is *Vale in eternum, vale*. And her reply to him exhibits a love, stronger indeed than death; but neither raised nor purified by approaching contact with the invisible world.

The hermit's consolations to Isabella have about them a certain air of professional commonplace, which scarcely prepares one for their efficacy; and when we find Ariosto narrate that reverend monitor's sad fate in so ludicrous a manner, we may judge of his respect for the clergy as a body, by his treating the death of one of them — undergone, too, in the path of duty — with no greater seriousness. His young heroine's death calls forth a burst of genuine admiration from her poet; and there is a touch of honest indignation in Ariosto's contrast of her faithfulness to her vows with the vices of his own day, in the 25th stanza. But surely there is great, if unintentional, profaneness in the 27th and 28th. They make the Most High, by acknowledging that the end justifies the means, applaud the breach of His own laws; for Isabella compasses self-destruction by untruth. She is thus, if a saint at all, one of the Romish, as opposed to the Christian pattern: but indeed it is the standard of pagan Rome by which Ariosto tries her — the standard of conformity to an external rule, not of inward holiness; and he evidently feels that he cannot praise her more highly than by allowing her to have excelled a Roman matron. Thus also she dies a martyr much more for Zerbino than for Christ. One of the most eloquent of French divines (Mas-

sillon, if I remember right) describes the model wife as "ne partageant son cœur qu'entre Jesus Christ et son époux." I think some texts I could quote forbid us to accept this definition; but, at any rate, Massillon meant the division to be in very different proportions to Ariosto's. Zerbino is Isabella's earthly deity; and her poet knows of no other heaven for her than his society above. Lastly, the compliment to the Isabellas of Ariosto's day, with which the divine speech concludes,—besides the irreverence of its occurrence there at all—throws an air of unreality over what has gone before, and seems (when one considers *what* were too probably the persons so complimented) a ludicrous reward for Isabella's self-devotion. Would it be too severe to say that the crown befits the martyr?

I shall not contrast any story from Spenser with this tale, though the patient endurance of his Amoret under equally trying circumstances might be compared with it in many points. But the discussion on suicide in the first book of the 'Fairy Queen' will supply us with a strong proof of the differences we are in search of. In its ninth canto, its hero, the Red-Cross knight, encounters Despair;—not, as Bunyan's pilgrims found him, a giant to enthrall by force; but a subtle arguer, hard to refute by reasoning, and whose words have a persuasive power,—to some minds irresistible. The knight falls in with him just where such a spectre might be looked for in his path. Not when innocent and devout he sets off under the guidance of Una (Truth) to slay the Dragon; nor yet when, having been misled by Duessa (Falsehood), he sojourns in the House of Pride; but when he is retracing his steps to the right path, and preparing once more to resume his holy enterprise. Spenser's fine description of Despair's ghastly looks, and the gloomy cave in which he dwelt, will be found in the 33d. and three following stanzas. It is said to have been the first passage in the 'Fairy Queen' which excited Sir Philip Sidney's admiration. Despair is standing over a new-made victim, when the Red-Cross Knight comes up and charges him with his crime. Despair defends the deed, and then proceeds:

XXXIX.

"Who travels by the weary wandering way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meets a flood, that doth his passage
stay,
Is not great grace to help him over-past,

Or free his feet that in the mire stick fast?
Most envious man, that griev'st at neighbour's good,
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast,
Why wilt not let him pass, that long hath
stood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the
flood?

XL.

"He there does now enjoy eternal rest
And happy ease, which thou dost want and
crave,
And farther from it daily wanderest:
What if some little pain the passage have,
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter
wave?
Is not short pain well born that brings long
ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly
please."

XLI.

"The knight much wondered at his sudden
wit,
And said, 'The term of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong nor shorten it;
The soldier may not move from watchful
sted,
Nor leave his stand until his captain bed.'
'Who life did limit by Almighty doom,'
Quoth he, 'knows best the terms established;
And he that points the centinel his room,
Doth license him depart at sound of morn-
ing droom."

XLII.

"Is not His deed what ever thing is done
In heaven and earth? Did not He all cre-
ate
To die again? All ends that was begun;
Their times in His eternal book of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain
date.
Who then can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in His still changing
state,
Or shun the death ordained by destiny?
When hour of death is come, let none ask
whence nor why."

XLIII.

"The longer life I note the greater sin;
The greater sin, the greater punishment;
All those great battles which thou boasts to
win,
Through strife, and bloodshed, and avengement,
Now praised, hereafter dear thou shalt re-
pent;
For life must life, and blood must blood re-
pay.
Is not enough thy evil life forespent?"

For he that once hath missed the right way,
The farther he doth go, the farther he doth
stray.

XLIV.

"Then do no farther go, no farther stray,
But here lie down, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent that life ensue may;
For what hath life that may it lovèd make,
And gives nor rather cause it to forsake?
Fear, sickness, age, loss, labour, sorrow,
strife,
Pain, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to
quake,
And ever-fickle fortune rageth rife;
All which, and thousands more, do make a
loathsome life."

In the two next stanzas Despair employs
a stronger argument, by reminding the
knight of his recent fall, concluding with—

XLVII.

"Is not He just, that all this doth behold
From highest heaven, and bears an equal
eye?
Shall He thy sins up in His knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impiety?
Is not His law, Let every sinner die?
Die shall all flesh? What then must needs
be done,
Is it not better to do willingly,
Than struggle till the glass be all outrun?
Death is the end of woes: die soon, O fairy's
son."

The knight's resolution is shaken by these
words. Despair presses his advantage, and
puts a dagger into his hand. But Una
snatches it away, and restores him to better
thoughts, as she exclaims—

LIII.

"Come, come away, frail, silly fleshly wight,
Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart,
Ne devilish thoughts dismay thy constant
spright:
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despair, that chosen
art?
Where justice grows, there grows eke greater
grace,
The which doth quench the brand of hellish
smart,
And that accursed handwriting doth deface:
Arise, sir knight, arise, and leave this cursed
place."

'Fairy Queen,' book i. canto 9.

There is something in the mournful ca-
dences which enumerate the ills of life in
stanzas 40 and 44, which reminds us that
Spenser was a contemporary of the writer of
the most famous of soliloquies. But the

question which could only be proposed, not
solved, by the irresolute Prince of Den-
mark, receives an answer here. The grand
old Pythagorean argument against suicide,
put by Plato into the mouth of the dying
Socrates, was never better stated than in
four lines of the 41st stanza. It is one
which no Theist can possibly evade; and
yet Ariosto's heroine, as we have just seen,
takes no account of it. There is great art,
too, in Despair's rejoinder, wherein he tries
to lull all sense of individual responsibility
to sleep by turning Providence into Fate.
In the 47th and following stanzas we find
the temptation to despair of pardon urged
with a keen feeling, that worse far than all
the ills of this life is the sense of sin unfor-
given. They supply a fine and unexpected
illustration of the apostolic saying, that
"the strength of sin is the law," by using its
terrors to drive the conscience-stricken suf-
ferer to the commission of a yet greater
crime. And where shall we look for better
consolation under those terrors than that
supplied by the 53d stanza, where the same
promise which unlocks the prison-door of
Bunyan's pilgrims, proves mighty in Una's
hand for her knight's deliverance? There
are but few poets of any age or nation in
whom we find statements of, or references
to, distinctively Christian truth, such as we
find in Spenser and Shakespeare. By
them it is looked on as a thing which they
have never doubted themselves, which they
can conceive no sane man doubting—no
more to be argued about than the sun which
lights us, or the air we breathe. By too
many so called Christian poets it is either
passed by in silence, or referred to as that
which forms the creed of other men, to be
contemplated with interest, perhaps with
respect, by the thoughtful mind, but not em-
braced by it as its own; whilst others go
farther, and substitute for it, as Ariosto does,
a revived Paganism under Christian names.

Let us select for our next comparison the
terrestrial paradise of the 'Orlando Furi-
oso;' setting beside it Spenser's 'Vision of
the Heavenly Jerusalem.' The Paladin As-
tolpho, having learned the art of guiding
that Hippogryph, which bears such a con-
spicuous part in the strange adventures of
Ariosto's poem, traverses many foreign
lands on his winged steed. At last he
reaches the mouth of the infernal regions;
but, turning from its dismal darkness—as
we must applaud Ariosto for making him
do, when we think of the comparison his
further progress in those regions would
have provoked—he reaches the earthly par-

adise, preserved in undiminished beauty, far
out of the range of mortal footsteps.

49.

"Sapphire and ruby, topaz, pearl, and gold,
The diamond, jacinth, and the chrysolite,
Alone could match the flowers which there
unfoid
Beneath the zephyr's breath to charm the
sight.
There is the grass so green that earthly mould
So clothed would show than emeralds more
bright;
Nor is the foliage of the trees less fair,
While ever-teeming fruit and flowers they
bear.

50.

"Amid the branches tiny birds, all blue,
White, red, and green, and yellow, ceaseless
sing.
There clearer are than crystal to the view
Calm lakes and brooklets gently murmuring.
There a sweet breeze which always seems to
woo,
After one fashion, with unwearied wing
So constant fans the air, that noisome heat
Can find no entrance to that safe retreat.

51.

"And ever from the herbs, the fruits, and flow-
ers,
It softly stole the diverse scents away,
And of the mingling of their odorous powers
Made sweetness, steeped wherein the spirit
lay.
A palace rose amidst the plain, whose towers
Seemed all ablaze with flames in lambent
play;
Such light and splendour wrapt it all around
In glow more radiant than on earth is found.

54.

"In that glad mansion's shining entrance-hall
An aged man to Astolph's sight appeared,
Whose mantle's red and gown's pure white,
with all
Vermil and milk to match them, had not
feared
His hairs were white; and round his mouth
to fall
Down to his breast, thick parting, white his
beard
And such he seemed in venerable guise
As one of saints elect in paradise.

55.

"With cheerful aspect to the Paladin,
Who reverent had dismounted him, he said:
'Oh, baron, hither by decree divine
To the terrestrial paradise up-spied;
Though not by thee thy journey's true design,
Nor thy desire's true end, as yet is read;
Believe yet from the northern hemisphere
Not without mystery high thy journey here.'

57.

Nor yet the old man ceased until (high source
Of wonder to the Duke!) in accents plain
His name to him discovering, Astolph wist
There stood before him the Evangelist;

58.

"That John so dear to the Redeemer's heart,
Of whom amidst the brethren went abroad
The saying, He in death should have no part;
The which was cause why spake the Son of
God
To Peter, saying: Wherefore troubled start,
If I have willed that here he make abode
Until my coming? Though 'he shall not die'
He said not, that he meant to signify.

59.

Here was he taken up; fit comrades here
He found; here Enoch first from earth as-
cended;
With him abides Elijah the great seer,
Both whose long day no closing eve has end-
ed:
Here shall they joy in endless springtide
clear,
Never by noxious air from earth offended,
Till trump angelic shall give signal loud
Of Christ's return, enthroned on dazzling
cloud.

The next morning early, St. John summons
Astolpho to a conference, and reveals to
him the misfortune which has befallen Ro-
land:—

63.

"Your Roland, to whom God at birth hour
gave,
With highest courage, highest puissance,
Granting, beyond all mortal use, that glaive
Should never wound him, no, nor dart, nor
lance;
Because Him pleased to set him thus to save
His holy faith from every foul mischance,
As He for Hebrews' help did Samson mould
Against the Philistines in days of old:

64.

"Rendered has this your Roland to his Lord
For such high gifts an evil recompense;
For when the faithful needed most his sword,
Then was it drawn the least in their defence.
So had of pagan dame the love abhorred
Blinded his eyes and dulled his every sense,
That impious, cruel, he times two and more
His Christian cousin sought to slay before.

65.

"And God for this has madness sent on him,
Such that his garments he away has cast:
And bid such darkness all his mind bedim,
That all men else have from his knowledge
past

And most himself. When pride o'erflowed
the brim

In Nabuchodonosor, him at last
We read, so God for seven years punished,
While like an ox on grass and hay he fed.

66.

"But since than that proud Babylonian's sin
Much less hath Roland's been, three months
are set

All this transgression of the Paladin
By will divine to purge away; nor yet
For other purpose entrance here to win,
Had the Redeemer suffered without let
Thy journey, were it not from us to learn
How unto Roland may his wits return."

'Orlando Furioso,' canto xxxiv.

To effect this (the Apostle goes on to say) they must ascend to the moon, where the great Paladin's wits will be found amongst other lost earthly things. He places Astolpho beside him in the fiery chariot of Elijah, and its mighty steeds quickly bear them to the lunar regions. There he displays to him the strange storehouse of things good and bad which have disappeared from our world. And having seen the Fates spinning the threads of mortal lives, and repossessed himself of a large portion of his own sense, which had escaped him unawares, Astolpho returns to earth with the phial which holds Roland's wholly lost wits, and which is to restore its great defender to the Faith.

There is inimitable wit, which no one can fail to be struck with (imbittered a little by the poet's own disappointments), in his famous catalogue of the earth's lost treasures.* And there is a liquid sweetness which delights us in his description of the happy region from whence the knight ascends to the moon. But this must not blind us to the fact that Ariosto's terrestrial paradise is, after all, a mere garden of material delights—more innocent, but not more heavenly, than Alcina's. Contrast it with the spiritual beauty of Dante's, where we encounter some high mystery at each step we take, and where the air we breathe is so full of foretastes of heaven that it seems but natural when the poet's flight to the true heaven above begins from such holy ground. Or, again, compare the later Italian poet's conception of St John with that of the earlier—the beloved Apostle allowed as a *privilege* to remain "at home in the body, but absent from his Lord," until the last day! employed by Ariosto as the exhibitor of the lunar marvels to Astolpho; and made

* I much regret that want of space forbids me to insert it.

(as he is in the description of their visit to the Fates) the flatterer of Ariosto's patron! Set beside this Dante's simple and affectionate mention of St John:—

"Questi è colui, che giacque sopra'l petto
Del-nostro Pellicano, e questi fue
Di su la croce al grande uficio eletto."

'Paradiso,' canto 25.

(This is the man, who lay upon that breast
Whose life-blood feeds us; this who from the
cross

Was chosen to fulfil the great behest.)

Remember the almost indignant repudiation by the St. John of Dante of the invidious privilege, seen for him by the earthly-minded in his Saviour's words. You will then see something of the change wrought by two centuries in the religious state of Italy. The elder poet wings his strong flight aloft, and soars (grace-aided) without external help, till he reaches the heaven of heavens: the younger bard borrows Elijah's "chariot of fire and horses of fire" for his hero, and, even with their help, only succeeds in lifting him to the moon!

Let us now turn to Spenser's vision of the New Jerusalem. After the Red-Cross knight's deliverance by Prince Arthur from the House of Pride, where he abode, amongst it and the six other deadly sins, at first a guest, at last a captive; and after his escape from Despair, he is guided by Una to the House of Holiness. The canto which rehearses their visit, opens with the following stanza, as precise in its definition of grace and free-will as the tenth article of the Church of England:—

I.

"What man is he that boasts of fleshly might,
And vain assurance of mortality,
Which all, so soon as it doth come to fight
Against spiritual foes, yields by-and-by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill—
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any strength we have, it is to ill;
But all the good is God's, both power and
eke will."

Una and the knight are admitted through the "strait and narrow" entrance to Holiness by its porter Humility. Led in by Zeal and Reverence, they are welcomed by the mistress of the mansion and her three daughters, Fidelia, Speranza, and Charissa. The first of these is thus described:—

XLII.

"She was arrayed all in lily-white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,

With wine and water filled up to the height,
 In which a serpent did himself enfold,
 That horror made to all that did behold;
 But she no whit did change her constant
 mood:
 And in her other hand she fast did hold
 A book that was both signed and sealed with
 blood,
 Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be
 understood."

Introduced by *her* and by her *sister* to
 Repentance (mark the admirable exact-
 ness of Spenser's theological teaching),
 and having passed some time in his painful
 but salutary company, Charity leads the
 knight (now perfectly healed) to make
 Mercy's acquaintance.

"To whom the careful charge of him she gave,
 To lead aright that he should never fall
 In all his ways through this wide world's
 wave,
 That Mercy in the end his righteous soul
 might save."

Mercy leads him to a "holy hospital,"
 where she introduces him to her seven
 "Beadmen." Each of these seven has
 charge of one of those good works which,
 found in, or inferred from that marvellous
 conclusion of the 25th chapter of St.
 Matthew, which in every age since it was
 spoken, has never ceased to procure alms
 for the needy, have been known for many
 centuries as the seven works of mercy.
 There is a solemn pathos in Spenser's de-
 scription of these two, which he ranks as
 the fifth and sixth, the last good offices to
 the dying and the dead:—

XLI.

"The fifth had charge six persons to attend,
 And comfort those in point of death which
 lay;
 For them most needeth comfort in the end,
 When sin, and hell, and death do most
 dismay
 The feeble soul departing hence away.
 All is but lost that living we bestow,
 If not well ended at our dying day.
 O man! have mind of that last bitter throw;
 For as the tree does fall, so lies it ever low.

XLII.

"The sixth had charge of them now being
 dead,
 In seemly sort their corpses to engrave,
 And deck with dainty flowers their spousal
 bed,
 That to their heavenly spouse both sweet
 and brave
 They might appear, when he their souls
 shall save.

The wondrous workmanship of God's own
 mould,
 Whose face he made all beasts to fear, and
 gave
 All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
 Ah, dearest God, me grant I dead be not de-
 fouled!"

The knight shares the "Beadmen's" holy
 toils, till, prepared for the contemplative
 by the active life, he is led by Mercy up
 the steep hill on whose summit Contempla-
 tion dwells. That "godly aged sire" de-
 mands of Mercy to what end they come.

I.

"'What end,' quoth she, should cause us take
 such pain,
 But that same end which every living wight
 Should make his mark, high heaven to at-
 tain?
 Is not from hence the way that leadeth right
 To that most glorious house, that glisteneth
 bright
 With burning stars and ever-living fire,
 Whereof the keys are to thy hand beight
 By wise Fidelia? She doth thee require
 To show it to this knight, according his de-
 sire.'

LI.

"'Thrice happy man,' said then the father
 grave,
 'Whose staggering steps thy steady hand
 doth lead,
 And shows the way his sinful soul to save:
 Who better can the way to heaven arad
 Than thou thyself, that wast both born and
 bred
 In heavenly throne, where thousand angels
 shine?
 Thou doest the prayers of the righteous
 seed
 Present before the Majesty Divine,
 And His avenging wrath to clemency incline.

LII.

"'Yet sith thou bidst, thy pleasure shall be
 done.
 Then come, thou man of earth, and see the
 way
 That never yet was seen of Fairy's son,
 That never leads the traveller astray;
 But, after labours long and sad delay,
 Brings them to joyous rest and endless bliss.
 But first thou must a season fast and pray,
 Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
 And have her strength recured from frail in-
 firmities.'

LIII.

"That done, he leads them to the highest
 mount;
 Such one as that same mighty man of God,
 That blood-red billows, like a walled front

On either side parted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them
yod,
Dwelt forty days upon, where, writ in stone
With bloody letters, by the hand of God,
The bitter doom of death and baleful moan
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about
him shone.

LIV.

"Or like that sacred hill, whose head full
high,
Adorned with fruitful olives all around,
Is, as it were, for endless memory
Of that dear Lord, who oft thereon was
found,
For ever with a flowering garland crowned;
Or like that famous mount, that is for aye
Through famous poets' verse each where re-
nowned,
On which the thrice three learned ladies play
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a
lovely lay.

LV.

"From thence far off he unto him did shew
A little path, that was both steep and long,
Which to a goodly city led his view,
Whose walls and towers were builded high
and strong
Of pearl and precious stone, that earthly
tongue
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song,
The city of the great King hight it well,
Wherein eternal peace and happiness doth
dwell.

LVI.

"As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed angels to and fro descend
From highest heaven, in gladsome company,
And with great joy unto that city wend,
As commonly as friend doth with his friend;
Whereat he wondered much, and gan inquire,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towers unto the starry sphere,
And what unknown nation there empeopled
were.

LVII.

"'Fair knight,' quoth he, 'Hierusalem that is,
The new Hierusalem that God has built,
For those to dwell in that are chosen His,
His chosen people, purged from sinful guilt,
With piteous blood which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted Lamb,
That for the sins of the world was kilt;
Now are they saints in all that city sam,
More dear unto their God than younglings to
their dam.'"

The Red-Cross knight owns that all the
terrestrial grandeurs which before charmed
his mind, wax dim before this heavenly

vision. The old man assures him that he
himself shall win a glorious place and name
among the inhabitants of that fair city.
The knight answers thus:—

LXII.

"'Unworthy wretch,' quoth he, 'of so great
grace,
How dare I think such glory to attain?'
'These that have it attained were in like
case,'
Quoth he, 'as wretched, and lived in like
pain.'
'But deeds of arms must I at last be fain,
And ladies' loves to leave, so dearly bought?'
'What need of arms where peace doth aye
remain,'
Said he, 'and battles none are to be fought?
As for loose loves are vain, and vanish into
nought.'

LXIII.

"'O! let me not,' quoth he, 'return again
Back to the world whose joys so fruitless
are;
But let me here for aye in peace remain,
Or straightway on that last long voyage fare,
That nothing may my present hope impair.'
'That may not be,' said he, 'nor mayst thou
yet
Forego that royal maid's bequeathed care,
Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely
quit.'"

'Fairly Queen,' book i. canto 10.

Of the poetry of this fine passage I feel I
can safely leave my readers to judge. How
beautiful is its description of Mercy! How
sublimely the 53d stanza seems to echo back
the thunders of Sinai! And how exquisite
the contrast between its terrors and the
calm beauty of the Gospel, in the affectionate
reference to the Mount of Olives in the suc-
ceeding one! How perfect are the touches
of the three short stanzas which set before
us the heavenly city, rather suggested than
described, seen towering in serene glory
high above all the turmoil of earth!—And,
turning to our more immediate subject; the
scriptural language of the whole, and the
evident appropriation of the religious truths
it conveys by the mind which wrote it,
speak well for the faith alike of writer and
of readers. The knight's preparation for
the vision, the means whereby he attains to
it, and, above all, its effect upon his own
mind, bespeak a familiarity with truth, not
speculative, but practical, on the part of
Spenser, which many a professed theologian
might envy. There is in the mixture of
faith and unbelief in the knight's replies, in
the 62d stanza, to the encouraging promise

of an abundant entrance into the heavenly Jerusalem, a transcript of the experience of many — may we not say of all? Who has not, like him, one moment doubted whether its glories can indeed be within his *own* reach, and perhaps shrunk back the next, half-unwilling, from the sacrifices which he begins to see that their attainment must cost him? Again, how natural to the human heart (so we learn even from the conduct of the apostles on the Holy Mount) is the desire of the knight's now wholly-convinced mind, expressed in the last stanza, to go out of the world in ceasing to be of the world! To abandon Action altogether for Contemplation, and abide alway on the mount of vision, gazing on the goodly prospect, instead of plunging into the waves of this troublesome world, to fight our way across to its possession! Well for us if we have found a monitor like the Red-Cross knight's, to recall to us the claims of that work, the doing which is the preparation appointed to us for our inheritance. Happy if we descend, as he does, with renewed vigour to the conflict which awaits us all! For so his victory over the terrible dragon on the third day of battle may be a type of ours.

There are no such lessons to be learned from converse with Ariosto's glorified saints; there is nothing to satisfy the deepest desires of man in the paradise in which they dwell, or the truths they are commissioned to reveal. Who can hesitate to ascribe this essential difference between poets so alike in many things, to that open English Bible which was a century later to inspire a humble tinker's prose descriptions with a sublimity almost equal to that of this fine passage in Spenser?

Let us proceed to institute a final, and, in some respects, a closer comparison between the two poets, by setting the principal allegory of the one over against that which the other has wrought out most fully.

In the fourteenth canto of the 'Orlando Furioso,' Paris is besieged by a Saracen army, and in great danger of being taken. Charlemagne has recourse to the aid of Heaven. He makes devout supplication himself, and causes many masses to be offered "by priests and friars, both black and white and gray." The Almighty hears his prayer, and despatches the archangel Michael to his aid. That heavenly messenger is to seek out first Silence and then Discord; to convey with the former's aid reinforcements to Paris, unobserved by the Moorish army; and to send the latter

amongst the besieging host to embroil their leaders, and create a diversion in favour of the Christians. The archangel departs at once upon his errand.

78.

"Where'er the archangel Michael turns his wing,
Off flee the clouds and leave the sky serene;
And brightness girds him with a golden ring,
Like lightning-flashes in night's darkness seen.
The heavenly courier onward journeying,
Whither alighting he may surest ween
That foe of speech (his foremost aim) to find,
Still as he flies revolves with eager mind.

79.

"He ponders o'er where he may haunt, where dwell;
And all his doubtful thoughts agree at last
That he is to be found in church and cell
Of monks and cloistered friars, who, to cast
Speech out of doors, where'er at sound of bell
They meet for singing psalms, or break their fast,
Or sleep, — in every room in very deed
Have 'Silence' written up most plain to read.

80.

"Weening to find him there, he swifter plied
His golden wings; there too he surely thought
Fair Peace to see with Quiet at her side,
And Charity abiding still: chance taught
Him to a cloistered pile his course to guide
The which for Silence, friendship never sought;
There, asking for him, he this answer heard:
'All that of him now dwells here is the word.'

81.

"Nor Piety nor Quiet meets his gaze,
Nor Love nor Peace there, nor Humility;
Truly they dwell there once in bygone days,
Then chased them out Wrath, Avarice,
Gluttony,
Pride, Cruelty, Sloth, Envy: in amaze
The Angel stands so great a change to see;
And while that hideous squadron in review
He passed, he 'mongst them Discord also knew.

82.

"Her whom the Eternal Father bade him find
Next after Silence; seeking whom the road
By dark Avernus he had tracked in mind,
Deeming that she amid the damned abode;
In this new hell instead he found her shrined
'Mid mass and holy office ill-bestowed:

Believe who can? to Michael it seems
strange
To find whom seeking he thought far to
range.

83.

"He knew her by her hundred-coloured dress,
Fashioned of stripes unequal, infinite;
Her covering now, anon by step or stress
Of wind laid open, unsewn, gaping quite;
Her hairs, some gold, some silver, black this
tress,
That gray, seemed all among themselves to
fight;
Some plaited, some by ribbon bound, good
store
Streamed on her shoulders, some her breast
fell o'er.

84.

"She had her bosom full and eke her hands
With procurations and with premonitions,
Inquiries, and great packets tied with bands
Of glosses, consults, legal expositions;
Through which the worldly wealth of poor
men stands
Safe in no town from ceaseless subdivisions;
Behind, before, each side of her, like flies,
Swarmed Proctors, Advocates, and Nota-
ries."

Michael calls Discord and sends her to stir
up strife among the Saracens; but first he
asks her if she knows where he can find
the other object of his search, Silence.
Discord answers that she never saw him,
but that her comrade Fraud has been in
his company, and may know where he lives.
Fraud is thus described:—

87.

"Pleasing her face, and decent her attire,
Humble her glance, and her deportment
grave,
So lowly, kind her speech, ye might admire
That Angel who the salutation gave;
All else deformed and hideous; but the liar
Her uglier parts concealed beneath the wave
Of garment long and wide, and 'neath its
fold
A poisoned knife was ever in her hold.

88.

"Of her the Angel questioneth what way
Silence to find behoveth him to take;
Said Fraud: 'Elsewhere and here in earlier
day
Amid the virtues was he used to make
His home with Benedict in abbeyes gray,
And new, nor yet Elijah's rule forsake:
And in the schools full many an hour to pass
In days of Archyte and Pythagoras.

89.

"But in right path his footsteps to retain
Are here nor sages nor yet saints: and he
To various wickedness has gone amain
From ways he used to walk of honesty.
First went he out by night with lovers vain,
And next with thieves to work each villany;
In Treason's haunts he often doth abide—
Nay, I have marked him e'en by Murder's
side!

90.

"With coiners of false money in some nook
Obscure, his custom is to make repair;
His home, his company, so oft forsook
For new—to find him lucky chance it were.
Yet have I hope to teach thee how to look
For him; at midnight if thou take due care
To reach the house of Sleep, discovered
He needs must be, since there he makes his
bed."

'Orlando Furioso,' canto xiv.

The Angel finds Silence, and by his aid
guides the reinforcements safe to Paris.
Discord does her appointed work for a sea-
son; but is caught by her taskmaster in the
37th canto, neglecting it for a yet more
congenial task:—

37.

"Unto that monastery, where he first
Got sight of Discord, on swift pinion hieing,
He found her seated in its chapter cursed,
Her arts amid its new elections plying,
Rejoicing as she saw good things used worst,
The brethren's missals at their heads sent
flying.
The Angel caught her by the hair, and blows
And kicks he dealt to her without repose.

38.

"And then the handle of a cross he brake
Upon her back and arms, and eke her head,
'Mercy!' cried loud the wretch; and, as she
spake,
Embraced the heavenly Nuncio's knees with
dread.
Her Michael left not till he saw her take
Flight to the King of Afric's camp: thus
sped,
He warned her: 'Look for direr fate designed
thee,
If e'er again without that camp I find thee.'
'Orlando Furioso,' canto xxvii.

Now we must call this an admirable alle-
gory, thoroughly well sustained. Unques-
tionably, Spenser found it a most instruct-
ive model. What can be cleverer than its
personification of Discord and Fraud?
Where shall we find an instance of more

pungent satire than that implied on the degenerate monks of Ariosto's day, by his significant exclusion of Silence from their monasteries; and by Discord's permanent abode in that convent which she is so loath to leave and so eager to return to? — But, returning to the subject of our present inquiry, what shall we say to the religious aspect of this allegory? Is there any reverence of tone in the whole passage proving that Ariosto wrote it with serious belief in divine and angelic interpositions? To my mind, their introduction reads like a mere attempt to vary what is technically called the machinery of the poem, — replacing for a while the agency of good and evil fairies, of enchanters and their works, by aid of a higher nature; but not a whit more effectual, and treated of in a spirit of no more reverent credence, than theirs. I am far from thinking a poem profane because it satirises monks. The worst of all ways of promoting the interests of true religion, is to insist on defending the faults of the so-called religious. But when I find that Ariosto depicts the Deity as seemingly aroused by the importunity of mortals to give a command, of the fulfilment or non-fulfilment of which he takes no further heed — when I find that he represents "Michael the archangel," the especial guardian of the Church, as wholly ignorant of what goes on in her sacred buildings — I cannot help seeing that he is only setting before us the old gods of Olympus, and Hermes their messenger, under new names. Most of all, when in the two last stanzas St. Michael boxes Discord's ears, and conducts himself after a fashion so altogether undignified and unangelic, we may surely be excused for taking a second look to see whether we have not been reading by mistake the exploits of an evil angel? Alas, we exclaim, for the change wrought by two centuries since Dante! Where be those glorious angels who move in their unearthly grandeur so majestically through the *Divina Commedia*? He before whom, advancing over Styx, the evil spirits fled; at whose touch the gates of Dis flew open? Or he, that "Bird of God," with whose white wings for sails the mystic bark, with its freight of souls, flew across Ocean to the far Purgatorial shore? So rapid was the decay of thought in all its noblest elements in Italy. Spenser's theory of guardian angels,* as expressed in the best-known passage in his poem — a theory not borrowed from Ariosto, not even from Dante, but from a yet higher source, the Holy Scriptures — is a very different one.

* See 'Fairy Queen,' book ii. canto 8, stanzas 1, 2.

But we must hasten on to the consideration of that allegory which, concluding all that is left to us of the "Fairy Queen," forms the crowning glory of that great poem. The two cantos which contain it are a fragment of a lost book on Constancy. Their aim is to teach us the subjection of all earthly things to change, and the predestined end to which "all the changes and chances of this mortal life" are tending. Spenser has chosen to clothe this idea in forms borrowed from Greek mythology; his use of which, though lacking the exact scholarship and classical correctness of Milton, has yet, especially in these cantos, a grandeur peculiarly its own. The chief personage in his allegory is Mutability or Change, one of those mighty Titans who strive to wrest Jove's empire from him. Her first attempt to gain dominion is made on earth, and proves successful; so that earthly things, at the first good, perfect, and immortal, become under her sway subject to evil and to death. The poet records this, exclaiming —

"O piteous work of Mutability!
By which we all are subject to that curse,
And death instead of life have suck'd from
our nurse."
"Fairy Queen," book vii. canto 6, stanza 6.

Growing bolder by success, Change next aims at sovereignty over heavenly things. Of these she first attempts the moon, where she boldly mounts, and bids Cynthia relinquish to her the guidance of her chariot. Her demand is indignantly refused; and the conflict which ensues between the two goddesses produces an eclipse, which, darkening the face of nature, disquiets the hearts not only of men but gods. Mercury is sent down by Jupiter to learn the cause of the disturbance; but the Titaness shows him no respect, and declares her purpose to seize the throne of Jove himself, and rule thenceforth over gods as well as men. In prosecution of this claim she ascends forthwith to the highest heavens, and prefers it boldly before Jove himself. The god hears her, and grasps his thunderbolt, but forbears to hurl it after a glance at her lovely face. "Such sway doth beauty even in heaven bear." He hears mildly her appeal from his adverse decision to what she styles the higher tribunal of the great and awful goddess Nature; and he does not disallow it. Thereupon the scene changes to earth, where the gods are assembled to hear the arbitrator's decision, upon fair Arlo Hill (near Spenser's Irish home), of whose beau-

ty he here makes affectionate mention. Mutability boldly pleads her cause before

"This great-grandmother of all creatures bred,
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld;
Still moving, yet unmoved from her sted;
Unseen of any, yet of all beheld."

Her first object is to prove that the four elements, earth, water, air, and fire, are all her subjects; this she does by showing that they are each in a state of perpetual change; and therefore, she argues, the claims of Neptune, Juno, &c., to rule over them are evidently false. She next desires Nature to call the Seasons and Months as witnesses to the wide extent of her sway. They appear according to her wish. First Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, each with suitable garb and emblems. Then the Months, each with the sign of the zodiac that belongs to it; March leads the procession and February closes it, according to the old reckoning. When this world-famous band of witnesses has gone by (none of Spenser's descriptions is, or deserves to be, better known) —

"There came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equal pace,
Th' one on a palfrey black, the other white."

Next come "the Hours, fair daughters of high Jove;" and after them the two most important witnesses of all present themselves, Life and Death: —

XLVI.

"And after all came Life, and lastly Death:
Death with most grim and griesly visage
seen,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
No ought to see, but like a shade to ween,
Unbodied, unsouled, unheard, unseen."

When this last and most awful witness has gone by, Mutability demands of Nature whether she has not succeeded in making good her first claim — that to undisputed sovereignty over earth. Jove makes answer to this, that Time indeed changes all earthly things, but is himself subject to the gods, who, thus ruling over Time, rule Change herself. Change replies to this by an absolute denial, and proceeds to declare the subjection of the gods themselves to her resistless might. She argues that the moon's changes, the changes of the planets and their influences, prove their presiding deities her subjects. Jove himself, she goes on to say, was *born* as Cretan legends tell us; and whatsoever has had a beginning,

and so undergone the change from not being to being, is born the subject of Mutability. The four last stanzas of the 7th canto contain the end of the Titaness's speech, and Nature's final award: —

LVI.

"Then since within this wide great universe
Nothing doth firm and permanent appear,
But all things lost and turned by transverse:
What then should let, but I aloft should rear
My trophy, and from all the triumph bear?
Now judge then (O thou greatest goddess true!)
According as thyself dost see and hear,
And unto me addoom that is my due;
That is the rule of all, all being ruled by
you."

LVII.

"So having ended, silence long ensued,
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firm eyes affixed, the ground still
viewed.
Meanwhile all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this so doubtful case,
Did hang in long suspense what would ensue,
To whether side should fall the sovereign
place.
At length she, looking up with cheerful view,
The silence brake, and gave her doom in
speeches few:

LVIII.

"I well consider all that ye have said,
And find that all things steadfastness do hate
And changed be: yet being rightly weighed,
They are not changed from their first estate,
But by their change their being do dilate;
And turning to themselves at length again,
Do work their own perfection so by fate:
Then over them Change doth not rule and
reign;
But they reign over Change, and do their
states maintain."

LIX.

"Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be ruled by me:
For thy decay thou seek'st by thy desire;
But time shall come that all shall changed
be,
And from thenceforth none no more change
shall see.
So was the Titaness put down and whist,
And Jove confirmed in his imperial see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismist,
And Nature's self did vanish whither no man
wist."

'Fairy Queen,' book vii. canto 7.

The canto closes with the breaking-up of that august assembly; but the mournful truth which it has illustrated with such va-

ried beauty, that "the creature" has been "made subject to vanity," and also Nature's angury of the fulfilment of the "hope" in which it was so subjected, were designed to be echoed in clearer strains in the succeeding canto. These two stanzas were intended to commence it:—

I.

"When I bethink me on that speech whylear,
Of Mutability, and well it weigh;
Me seems, that though she all unworthy were
Of the heaven's rule, yet very sooth to say
In all things else she bears the greatest sway.
Which makes me loathe this state of life so
fickle,
And love of things so vain to cast away;
Whose flowering pride, so fading and so
fickle,
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.

II.

"Then 'gin I think on that which Nature said
Of that same time when no more Change
shall be,
But steadfast rest of all things firmly stayed
Upon the pillours of eternity,
That is contrair to Mutability.
For all that moveth dothin Change delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabbath
hight:
O that great Sabbath God, graunt me that
Sabbath sight."
'Fairy Queen,' book viii. canto 8 (imperfect).

And with these two stanzas a mightier will than ours has chosen that Spenser's great work should end. They are to us the last of the 'Fairy Queen.'

My extracts from this greatest of Spenser's allegories have been necessarily brief. To do it justice, it should be read as a whole. It is throughout magnificent; almost Homeric in its combined sublimity and simplicity. Its wealth of imaginative riches is, even for Spenser, astonishing; doubly so, when we recollect the prodigal variety of the descriptions he has scattered with lavish hand through the preceding books. The germ of one of the grandest things in the English language, Milton's Death, is discernible in the 46th stanza, so sublime in its spectral terrors. — Above all, how marked is the contrast between this allegory and Ariosto's! Who can compare the two without feeling convinced that if the dust which now sleeps in the Benedictine Church at Ferrara once enshrined the richest fancy that ever endowed a poet, a yet deeper sense of beauty thrilled the brain, and far nobler pulsations stirred the heart, while he awaited the resurrection in our great

West Minster, beneath Spenser's simple tomb! We saw how Ariosto, in his allegory, dealt with the holiest names in a thoroughly pagan spirit. We have now seen Spenser produce one far nobler by an exactly reversed process. From its proposed subject, we might have expected only to find in it the commonplaces of heathen poets on the changeful and disappointing character of earthly things, cast by genius into a new and striking shape. But Spenser is not content with doing this; nor does he cease until he has let in a radiance borrowed from revelation upon the ever-shifting forms and ruins of Time. Ariosto lays the foundations of his allegory in the heaven of heavens, and yet does not succeed in producing any religious impression on his reader's mind. Spenser lays his on the fabled Olympus, but stays not till, having extracted deep truths from the lips of its inhabitants, he can end it by echoing the lofty strains in which prophets and apostles bid us look forward to "the rest which remaineth for the people of God."

And how noble these two concluding stanzas are in themselves! Could even Spenser's genius have devised a fitter close for his great poem? How well the lament of the first over the fleeting nature of earthly joys (uttered doubtless from the bitter depths of its author's own experience) befits the last lines of a poem which has all along treated "the glories of our birth and state" as "shadows" of better and more "substantial things" than themselves! And how magnificent is the *Sursum Corda* of the second! composed, it might seem, fresh from the perusal of St. Augustine's noble commentary on the opening verses of the second chapter of Genesis. How does it stir our hearts by its solemn harmonies, as it calls us to avert our eyes from the fading glories of earth, that we may fix them steadfastly on the brightening splendours of "the day of restitution of all things!"

Thinking of these two stanzas, and of all the others which have been, like them, witnessing to us the religious superiority of Spenser's England over Ariosto's Italy, who would not earnestly hope that they express, not alone the faith of the age in which their writer flourished, but the unfeigned confession also of the faith which filled his own heart? that so his Master, cutting short his beautiful poem at the line in which he so earnestly supplicates a share in the true rest of the people of God, may seem to have signified His gracious acceptance of his prayer, by reserving it for Himself to add unto it the last Amen: so be it.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A VISIT TO THE BIG TREES.

WE were in San Francisco, the Golden City of California, the paradise of North Pacificans, and there were many wonders to be seen—gold and silver mines, where hundreds of tons of quartz rock are crushed daily, and millions of dollars extracted yearly; the cinnabar mine of New Almaden, which supplies quicksilver to the whole world; Yo Semité, the loveliest of valleys, where, amongst the grand mountains of the Sierra Nevada, a river leaps down from a height of 2700 feet, and forms the waterfall of the Bridal Veil, the highest in the world. There were geysers, caves, the islands of the sea-lions, and the "Mammoth Trees;" there was a Russian fleet in the harbour, "the Beautiful Menkin" at the Theatre, and the "Living Skeleton" at the Museum. We were fairly bewildered by the multiplicity of strange sights awaiting our curious eyes, uncertain which to choose. After mature deliberation, we decided to bend our steps in the first place to the Mammoth Tree Grove, in Calaveras county, about 150 miles east of San Francisco, on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada. We went on board the Cornelia, accordingly, one evening, and steamed all night up the San Joaquin, a tributary of the Sacramento—a narrow muddy stream, running in a most tortuous channel through an extensive marshy delta. The tall reeds which covered the flat expanse were on fire for miles, almost to the water's edge, and we made our way through a sea of flame and smoke, the whole country being lighted up by the vast conflagration. At eight o'clock the following morning we reached Stockton city, and then took the stage-wagon for Columbia, fifty-eight miles distant, and thirteen from the Big Tree Valley. The first portion of the road lay along a broad rich valley, brought almost entirely under the plough, where the undisturbed stubbles told of a fertility unknown in the Old World; for so generous is the soil, that luxuriant crops spring up in the second year without the labour of man, the grain shaken out in the gathering of the first harvest being sufficient for the succeeding one, a "volunteer crop." Although it was past mid-winter—the end of January—the weather was bright and warm as the most genial May; rows of oleanders and heliotropes bloomed in the gardens, ignorant of wintry cold, and strawberries ripened on the sunniest slopes.

Towards evening we began to ascend

the lowest swells of the Sierra Nevada, and entered a country less luxuriantly fertile than the Stockton Valley, and met with numerous monuments of the old "placer" diggings in the shape of "flumes," or wooden aqueducts for bringing water to the mines, and flats where thickly-massed boulders of granite and quartz, uncovered by the miner's work, told of streams which ran there in times gone by, and brought down the golden gravel discovered in the ancient bed. As night closed in we passed through the town of Sonora, and six miles more brought us to Columbia, where we stayed the night at a rough hotel, kept by a Welshman named Morgan.

As the stage did not run beyond this, we hired a buggy and pair and drove over to "Murphy's," a mining town thirteen miles distant, and thenceforward through a picturesque hilly country, where grew in scattered clusters many species of pine, the arbutus, and white jessamine, with evergreen oaks, whose boughs bore numerous branches of mistletoe. The road wound higher and higher up the slopes of the Sierra Nevada, and at dusk we reached the valley of the Mammoth Tree Grove, 4000 feet above the sea. The weather continued fine and the sky cloudless, but at this height the evening air was sharp and frosty, and a thin carpet of snow covered the ground. After a short drive through a forest of lofty pines, we came in sight of the hotel; and 100 yards in front of it, guarding on each side the entrance to its grounds, grew two of the giant trees. These, named "The Sentinels," although by no means the largest, are very handsome, and of sufficient magnitude to strike the stranger with astonishment, for their height is over 300 feet, and their diameter about 20 feet. At Sperry & Perry's hotel at Murphy's, where we had dined, we had been informed that the hotel at the Mammoth Tree Grove, also kept by Sperry & Perry, or Perry & Sperry, was closed for the winter; but Mr. Sperry or Mr. Perry (it is impossible to say which) kindly offered to accompany us and open the house for our accommodation, and we carried him along with us in our buggy. It was sunset when we got in, and Sperry or Perry hastened to prepare supper, whilst we had a look in the twilight at The Sentinels and the "Big Tree," so called *par excellence*, although it is not the greatest amongst the giants. Its huge trunk now lies mutilated on the ground, having been felled a few years ago, as we were told, to furnish material for walking-sticks, which were eagerly bought by curiosity-hunters.

Five men were set to work on it, and it took them twenty-five days to accomplish the task! It was hopeless to attempt to cut it down with axes, and it was therefore bored with augers, and the intermediate spaces sawn through, and, finally, a wedge and battering-ram were required to effect the fall of the severed trunk, which stood firmly perpendicular when completely cut through. The stump measures 96 feet in circumference at the base; and the top, cut smooth and even, is 25 feet in diameter, without reckoning the bark, which is about 3 feet more. Upon it is built a round wooden house—a ball-room it is called; and a circular room nearly 10 yards in diameter is no mean dancing saloon. It is said that thirty-two people have danced here in four different sets at the same time, and theatrical performances have been given on the expansive top of this wonderful stump. Near the stump lies a section of the trunk; and some idea of the size of this may be gained from the fact that the writer, a man of 5 ft. 11 in., could barely touch the centre at the smaller end, standing on tiptoe, while at the larger he could in the same manner touch a point about one-third of the whole diameter. The rest of the vast fallen trunk, 302 feet long, had been dressed level, and seemed like a broad terrace-walk, with two bowling alleys made on it side by side. The amount of timber in this tree is calculated at 500,000 cubic feet! and its age estimated from the annual rings at 3000 years! Before we had sufficiently inspected and wondered at the Big Tree it became dark, and we entered the hotel, where Mr. Sperry or Perry had supper ready for us, and in the evening told us the history of the Great Trees.

They were not discovered until the year 1850, when a Mr. Dowd, who was out hunting, was led by a herd of deer which he was following into the Big Tree Valley. He stopped as one enchanted, feeling like Gulliver when lost in the field of barley in Brobdingnag—the deer were forgotten, and he gazed with utter astonishment on monsters of vegetation such as he had never even dreamed of as existing in the world. He told his companions of his adventure on his return, but all laughed at his story as a barefaced attempt to impose upon their credulity; and it was with the greatest difficulty he succeeded in inducing some of them to accompany him to the spot, and verify his statements by actual inspection and measurement.

The newly-discovered trees, called *Washingtonia gigantea* by Americans, and *Wel-*

lingtonia gigantea by Englishmen, puzzled the botanists sorely. Some declared them to be a species of cedar, which they certainly closely resemble; others, again, considered them to be of the family of the *Taxodia*; while Professor Lindley doubted whether a new order would not have to be made for them; and it still appears undecided to what order they properly belong. The seed has been largely exported, and young *Wellingtonias* may be seen gracing many an English lawn. Yet, strange to say, although the seed grows readily, and the trees flourish with rich luxuriance wherever they have been planted, both here and in America, they are, in the natural order of things, limited to two tiny valleys about fifty miles apart. Not a single tree of the kind, except those which have been lately planted by the hand of man, is known to exist out of the Calaveras and Mariposa valleys. They have never spread from their quiet nooks in the Sierra Nevada, and have remained hidden in its recesses for hundreds, perchance thousands, of years, until discovered in the manner related.

We turned out early next morning into the fresh frosty air, and after breakfast wandered about the grove for several hours, amid a scene of wonders, the mere description of which we should have laughed at as a traveller's tale. There are about one hundred trees of this species, of every age and size, intermingled with various kinds of pines, yews, and deciduous shrubs, and all standing within an area of about fifty acres.

The younger ones are singularly graceful and handsome, but those of mature growth—a few thousand years old perhaps—are a little withered at the top. The enormous trunks are bare and branchless for from 100 to 130 feet, and the boughs seem small in proportion to the central stem.

The effect of the mighty columns rising thickly round, and towering on high, some burnt hollow, in whose cavities a company of soldiers might almost find shelter; others uninjured, solid and massive, the largest and the oldest of living organisms on earth, monuments of ages past, when there were giants in the land, is almost awesome. The great sugar-pines of 300 feet high, and 10 or 12 feet diameter, kings of the forest elsewhere, seemed mere dwarfs beside those *Wellingtonias*; and as we walked about, pigmy and insignificant, we half expected to see the strange forms of extinct giants of the animal world, the mammoth or the mastodon of ages still more remote, come crashing

through the timber, or the pterodactyl winging its way amongst the colossal vegetation. There stood the "Mother of the Forest," withered and bare, her full height 327 feet, her girth 78 feet without the bark, for this had been removed from 116 feet of the lower portion of the trunk, and the scaffolding erected for the purpose still stood round the tree. This outer shell thus removed is now put up, we believe, in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Thus the two finest trees growing when the forest was first discovered have both been wantonly destroyed for the gratification of curiosity-lovers. There is, however, a still greater than these, decayed and fallen — a stupendous ruin lying half-buried in the ground. It appears to have been destroyed by the fire which has evidently devastated the grove years ago, for many of the standing trees are partially charred, and this one has been burnt into a hollow shell. At the base its girth is 112 feet, and we walked inside the tunnel through the trunk for 200 feet with our hats on. Great must have been the fall

of the "Father of the Forest;" and numerous large trees have been overthrown or broken off by it when it crashed to the ground. 300 feet from the root it snapped in two, and the upper portion of it has decayed away, and almost all trace of it has disappeared; but at the point of fracture, or 200 feet from the base, its circumference is 54 feet (18 feet diameter). According, therefore, to the average taper of the other trees, the unbroken stem must have been at least 435 feet high — more than twice the height of the Monument, 95 feet higher than the great chimney at Saltaire, and 30 feet higher than the top of the cross which crowns the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral!

The fresh ripe cones of the Wellingtonias strewed the ground, and of these we gathered a plentiful stock; and then, having sufficiently gratified our curiosity, we took to our buggy once more, and on the following day regained that luxurious city San Francisco.

USES OF DECAY.

SUMMER, as rich in shadows as in suns,
Spreads her thick foliage thicker every day;
She is most bounteous; her free spirit shuns
To give and take away.

But thou, grave Autumn, dealest otherwise:
Creating noble colour, and withal
Rifling the woods that bear it, till our eyes
Can penetrate them all.

And then, what hidden wonders do we see!
What half-forgotten glimpses of our past,
Veil'd since the spring, though each dismantled tree
Peer out again at last!

Love them or hate, we cannot but behold:
Gable, and church, grey turret and blue hill,
Or bran-new horror built with recent gold —
All are before us still.

So, if the great sea ebb, full many a wreck
Above the branching coral grimly towers;
Fall many a ragged skeleton on deck
Lies deep in living flowers.

So, when the mists of life rise up, and poise
Along the crumbling edges of the grave,
What quick regrets, what keen remember'd
joys,

The weak heart has to brave!

Yes, thou canst show us some things; canst
betray
The gaunt square mansion or the ruin'd
wall;

Thou, Autumn, dost it for us every day;
And Memory is thy thrall.

But, not the baring of the summer trees,
Nor dying down of tall obstructive flowers,
Nor poise of mists above the yellow leas,
Nor glow of sunset hours, —

Not all that thou canst do or we can dream,
Wins for our purblind souls this one poor
bliss —

To see beyond and through the things that
seem,

To that which only Is.

Arthur Munby.

PART XII.—CHAPTER XLI.

THE result of Miss Marjoribanks's wise precaution and reticence was that Sir John Richmond and the Doctor and Colonel Chiley were all on Mr. Ashburton's committee. They might not agree with his principles; but then when a man does not state any very distinct principles, it is difficult for any one, however well disposed, to disagree with him; and the fact that he was the man for Carlingford was so indisputable, that nobody attempted to go into the minor matters. "Mr. Ashburton is a gentleman known to us all," Sir John said, with great effect, in his nomination speech; and it was a sentence which went to the hearts of his audience. The other candidate had been a long time from home, and it was longer still since anybody in Carlingford could be said to have been benefited by his residence there. He had had all his things down from town, as Mr. Holden, the upholsterer, pithily remarked—and that made a great difference to start with. As for Mr. Ashburton, though it is true nobody knew what he thought about Reform or the Income Tax, everybody knew that he lived at the Firs, and was supplied in a creditable way by George Street tradesmen. There was no mystery whatever about him. People knew how much he had a-year, and how much he paid for everything, and the way in which his accounts were kept, and all about him. Even when he had his wine direct from the growers (for naturally his own county could not supply the actual liquor), it was put in Carlingford bottles, and people knew the kinds he had, and how much, and a hundred agreeable details. And then, "he was a gentleman as was always ready to give his advice," as some of the people said. All this furnished an immense body of evidence in his favour, and made Sir John's remark eloquent. And then Carlingford, as a general rule, did not care the least in the world about Reform. There were a few people who had once done so, and it was remarked in Grove Street that Mr. Tozer had once been in a dreadful state of mind about it. But he was quite tranquil on the subject now, and so was the community in general. And what was really wanted, as Lucilla's genius had seen at a glance, was not this or that opinion; but a good man.

But at the same time it would be vain to deny that Miss Marjoribanks looked forward to a possible visit from Mr. Cavendish with a certain amount of anxiety. She was not frightened, for she knew her own powers; but she was a little excited and stimulated

by the idea that he might come in at any minute, bringing back a crowd of recollections with him; and it was a perpetual wonder to her how he would take the inevitable difference, whether he would accept it as natural, or put on the airs of an injured man. Lucilla did not go out the two afternoons after her meeting with Mrs. Woodburn, partly that she might not miss him if he called—for it was better to have it over; but Mr. Cavendish did not come on either of these days. After that, of course, she did not wait for him any longer. But on the third or fourth day, when she was in Miss Brown's photographing room (the eldest Miss Brown was not married, and was a mother to the younger girls, and always enthusiastic about sitters), Mr. Ashburton called about business, and Thomas came to fetch Miss Marjoribanks. She was sitting with the greatest good-nature for half-a-dozen pictures, knowing in her secret heart all the time that she would look a perfect fright, and that all Carlingford would see her grinning with imbecile amiability out of the hazy background of Miss Brown's *Cartes*. Lucilla knew this, and had hitherto avoided the process with success; but now she gave in; and as the Major was there, of course they talked of the coming election, which, indeed, at present was almost the only topic of conversation in Grange Lane.

"Of course, you are on Mr. Ashburton's committee," said Lucilla; "you must be, or going to be, after what you said the other day at lunch——"

"What did I say?" asked Major Brown, with an air of dismay; for to tell the truth, his heart inclined a little towards poor Mr. Cavendish, who was an old neighbour, and to whom Major Brown could not but think the Marjoribanks and others had behaved rather cruelly. But then in these election-eering matters one never knows what one may have done to compromise one's self without meaning it; and the Major was a little anxious to find out what he had said.

"Dear Major Brown," said Lucilla, seriously, "I am so sorry if you did not mean it. I am sure it was that as much as anything that influenced Mr. Ashburton. He was turning it all over in his mind, you know, and was afraid the people he most esteemed in Carlingford would not agree with him, and did not know what to do; and then you said, What did it matter about opinions, if it was a good man?—that was what decided him," said Miss Marjoribanks, with sad yet gentle reproachfulness. "I am so sorry if you did not mean what you said——"

"Good heavens! I don't remember saying anything of the sort," said Major Brown. "I—I am sure I never thought of influencing anybody. It is true enough about a good man, you know; but if I had imagined for an instant that any one was paying attention—— By George! it was you that said it, Lucilla—I remember now."

"Please don't make fun of me," said Miss Marjoribanks, "as if anybody cared what I say about politics. But I know that was what decided poor Mr. Ashburton. Indeed, he told me so; and when he finds you did not mean anything——"

"But, good heavens!—I—I did mean something," cried the accused, with dismay. And he grew quite inarticulate in his confusion, and red in the face, and lost his head altogether, while Lucilla sat calmly looking on with that air of virtue at once severe and indulgent, which pities, and blames, and hopes that perhaps there is not so much harm done as might have been expected. This was the position of affairs when Thomas came to say that Miss Marjoribanks was wanted, as she had told him to do when her candidate came; for, to be sure, it was only next door. It was terrible to hear the soft sigh she gave when she shook hands with Major Brown. "I hope he will not feel it so much as I think; but I should be afraid to tell him," said Lucilla; and she went away, leaving the good man in a state of bewilderment and embarrassment and doubt, which would have been much more unpleasant if he had not felt so flattered at the same time. "I never meant to influence anybody, I am sure," he said, with a comical mixture of complacence and dismay, when Lucilla was gone. "I have always said, papa, that you don't think enough of the weight people give to your opinion," Miss Brown replied, as she gave the final bath to her negatives; and they both left off work with a certain glow of comforted *amour propre*, and the most benevolent sentiments towards Mr. Ashburton, who, to tell the truth, until he got his lesson from Miss Marjoribanks, had never once thought about the opinion of Major Brown.

He was sitting with aunt Jemima when Lucilla came in, and talking to her in a steady sort of a way. Nothing could have made Mr. Ashburton socially attractive, but still there are many people to whom this steady sort of talk is more agreeable than brilliancy. When a man is brilliant there is always a doubt in some minds whether he is trustworthy, or sincere, or to

be relied upon; but an ordinary common-sense sort of talker is free from such suspicion. Mr. Ashburton was very sorry to hear that Mrs. John Marjoribanks had bad nights, and suggested that it might be nervous, and hoped that the air of Carlingford would do her good, and was very glad to hear that her son was getting on so well in India; and aunt Jemima could not help approving of him, and feeling that he was a person of substance and reflection, and not one of those fly-away young men who turn girls' heads, and never mean anything. Lucilla herself gained something in Mrs. John's eyes from Mr. Ashburton's high opinion; but at the same time it was quite clear that he was not thinking of anything sentimental, but was quite occupied about his election, as a man of sense should be. Lucilla came in with a fine bloom on her cheeks, but still with a shade of that sadness which had had so great an effect upon Major Brown. She had taken off her hat before she came in, and dropped into her chair with an air of languor and fatigue which was quite unusual to her. "It makes such a difference in life when one has something on one's mind," said Lucilla, and she sighed, as was but natural; for though that did not effect the energy of her proceedings, she knew and remembered at moments of discouragement how seldom one's most disinterested exertions are appreciated at the end.

"You want your lunch, my dear," said Mrs. John.

"Perhaps I do," said Miss Marjoribanks, with a mournfully affectionate smile. "I have been sitting to Maria Brown. She has taken six, and I am sure they are every one more hideous than the other; and they will go all over England, you know, for the Browns have hosts of people belonging to them; and everybody will say, 'So that is Miss Marjoribanks.' I don't think I am vain to speak of," said Lucilla, "but that sort of things goes to one's heart."

"These amateurs are terrible people," said Mr. Ashburton, in his steady way; "and photographs are a regular nuisance. For my part——"

"Don't say that," said Miss Marjoribanks. "I know what you are going to say; and you *must* sit to her, please. I have said already she must do one of you; and I will tell you presently about the Major. But wait and talk to aunt Jemima a little, for I am so tired," said Lucilla. She was lying back negligently in her seat, with that air of languor which so many young ladies excel in, but which was for her a novel in-

dulgence. Her hand hung over the arm of her chair as if there was no longer any force in it. Her head fell back, her eyes were half closed; it was a moment of abandonment to her sensations, such as a high-principled young woman like Miss Marjoribanks seldom gives away to. But Lucilla went into it conscientiously, as into everything she did, that she might regain her strength for the necessary duties that were before her.

And it was at this moment that Thomas appeared at the door with a suspicion of a grin appearing at the corners of his sober mouth, and announced Mr. Cavendish, who came in before an ordinary woman would have had time to open her eyes. This was the moment he had chosen for his first visit; and yet it was not he who had chosen it, but fate, who seemed to have in this respect a spite against Lucilla. It was not only the embarrassing presence of his rival, but the fact that neither of the two people in the room knew or had ever seen Mr. Cavendish, that put a climax to the horror of the situation. She alone knew him, and had to take upon herself to present and introduce him, and bridge over for him the long interval of absence, and all this with the sense of being in the enemy's interest, and to a certain extent false to Mr. Cavendish! Lucilla rose at once, but she was not a woman to make pretences. She did not throw off all in a moment her fatigue, and dash into spasmodic action. She held out her hand silently to Mr. Cavendish, with a look which spoke only affectionate satisfaction in a friend's return. She did not even speak at all for the first moment, but contented herself with a look, which indeed, if he had been younger and less preoccupied, would no doubt have touched his very heart.

"So you have really come back," she said. "I am so glad! after all that people said about your being married and dead and ever so many stupid things. Oh! don't look at me, please. It doesn't matter with a gentleman, but I know as well as if you had told me that you think me dreadfully gone off!"

"I entertain such a profane idea!" said Mr. Cavendish; but he was considerably embarrassed, and he was a great deal stouter, and altogether different from what he used to be, and he had not the light hand of his youth for a compliment. And then he sat down on the chair Thomas had given him; and he looked uncomfortable, to say the least of it; and he was getting large in dimensions and a little red in the face, and

had by no means the air of thinking that it didn't matter for a gentleman. As for Miss Marjoribanks, it would be impossible to say what mists of illusion dropped away from her mind at the sight of him. Even while she smiled upon the new-comer, she could not but ask herself, with momentary dismay — Had *she* really gone off as much in the same time?

"I have been looking for you," Miss Marjoribanks resumed; "I waited in for you Tuesday and Wednesday, and it is so odd you should have come just at this minute. Aunt Jemima, this is Mr. Cavendish, whom you have heard so much about — and don't go, please, Mr. Ashburton — you two must know each other. You will be hearing of each other constantly; and I suppose you will have to shake hands or something on the hustings — so it will be much the best to begin it here."

But the two candidates did not shake hands: they bowed to each other in an alarming way, which did not promise much for their future brotherliness, and then they both stood bolt upright and stared at Miss Marjoribanks, who had relapsed, in the pleasantest way in the world, into her easy-chair.

"Now, please sit down and talk a little," said Lucilla; "I am so proud of having you both together. There never has been anybody in the world that I have missed so much as *you* — you knew that when you went away, but you didn't mind. Mr. Ashburton is very nice, but he is of no use to speak of in an evening," said Miss Marjoribanks, turning a reflective glance upon her own candidate with a certain sadness; and then they both laughed as if it was a joke; but it was no joke, as one of them at least must have known.

"Lucilla," said Mrs. John, with consternation, "I never heard anybody talk as you do; I am sure Mr. Ashburton is the very best of society, and as for Mr. Cavendish!"

"Dear aunt Jemima," said Lucilla, "would you mind ringing the bell? I have been sitting to Maria Brown, and I am almost fainting. I wish you gentlemen would sit to her; it would please her, and it would not do *you* much harm; and then for your constituents, you know!"

"I hope you don't wish me to look like one of Maria Brown's photographs to *my* constituents," said Mr. Cavendish; but "then I am happy to say they all know me pretty well." This was said with a slight touch of gentlemanly spite, if there is such a thing; for, after all, he *was* an old power in Carlisle, though he had been so long away.

"Yes," said Lucilla, reflectively, "but you are a little changed since then; a little perhaps — just a little — stouter, and" —

"Gone off?" said Mr. Cavendish, with a laugh; but he felt horribly disconcerted all the same, and savage with Miss Marjoribanks, and could not think why "that fellow" did not go away. What had he to do in Lucilla's drawing-room? what did he mean by sitting down again and talking in that measured way to the old lady, as if all the ordinary rules of good breeding did not point out to him that he should have gone away and left the field clear?

"Oh, you know it does not matter for a gentleman," said Lucilla; and then she turned to Mr. Ashburton — "I am sure the Major wants to see you, and he thinks that it was he who put it into your head to stand. He was here that day at lunch, you know, and it was something he said" —

"Quite true," said Mr. Ashburton in his business way. "I shall go to see him at once. Thank you for telling me of it, Miss Marjoribanks; I shall go as soon as I leave here."

And then Mr. Cavendish laughed. "This is what I call interesting," he said. "I hope Mr. Ashburton sees the fun; but it is trying to an old friend to hear of *that* day at lunch, you know. I remember when these sort of allusions used to be pleasant enough; but when one has been banished for a thousand years" —

"Yes," said Lucilla, "one leaves all that behind, you know — one leaves ever so many things behind. I wish we could always be twenty, for my part. I always said, you know, that I should be gone off in ten years."

"Was it the only fib you ever told that you repeat it so?" said Mr. Cavendish; and it was with this pretty speech that he took her down-stairs to the well-remembered luncheon. "But you *have* gone off in some things when you have to do with a prig like that," he said in her ear, as they went down together, "and cast off old friends. It was a thing a fellow did not expect of you."

"I never cast off old friends," said Miss Marjoribanks. "We shall look for you on Thursday, you know, all the same. Must you go, Mr. Ashburton? when lunch is on the table? But then, to be sure, you will be in time at the Browns'," said Lucilla, sweetly, and she gave the one rival her hand, while she held the arm of the other, at the door of the dining-room, in which Mr. Ashburton had gallantly deposited aunt Jemima before saying good-by. They were both looking a

little black, though the gloom was moderate in Mr. Ashburton's case; but as for Lucilla, she stood between them a picture of angelic sweetness and goodness, giving a certain measure of her sympathy to both — Woman the Reconciler, by the side of those other characters of Inspirer and Consoler, of which the world has heard. The two inferior creatures scowled with politeness at each other, but Miss Marjoribanks smiled upon them both. Such was the way in which she overcame the difficulties of the meeting. Mr. Ashburton went away a little annoyed, but still understanding his instructions, and ready to act upon them in that businesslike way he had, and Mr. Cavendish remained, faintly reassured in the midst of his soreness and mortification, by at least having the field to himself and seeing the last (for the present) of his antagonist — which was a kind of victory in its way.

"I thought I knew you better than to think you ever would have any thing to do with *that* sort of thing," said Mr. Cavendish. "There are people, you know, whom I could have imagined — but a prig like that." He became indeed quite violent, as aunt Jemima said afterwards, and met with that lady's decided disapproval, as may be supposed.

"Mr. Ashburton is very well bred and agreeable," Mrs. John said, with emphasis. "I wish all the young men I see nowadays were as nice."

"Young men!" said Mr. Cavendish. "Is that what people call young nowadays? And he must be insane, you know, or he would never dream of representing a town without saying a single word about his principles. I daresay he thinks it is original," said the unhappy man. He thought he was pointing out his rival's weakness to Lucilla, and he went on with energy — "I know you better than to think you can like that milk-and-water sort of thing."

"Oh, I don't pretend to know anything about politics," said Lucilla. "I hear you gentlemen talk, but I never pretend to understand. If we were not to leave you *that* all to yourselves, I don't know what you could find to do," Miss Marjoribanks added compassionately; and as she spoke she looked so like the Lucilla of old, who had schemed and plotted for Mr. Cavendish, that he could not believe in her desertion in his heart.

"That is a delusion like the going off," he said. "I can't believe you have gone over to the enemy. When I remember how I have been roving about all those ten

years, and how different it might have been, and whose fault it all was?"

This Mr. Cavendish said in a low voice, but it did not the less horrify aunt Jemima, who felt prepared for any atrocity after it. She would have withdrawn, in justice to her own sense of propriety; but then she thought it was not impossible that he might propose to Lucilla on the spot, or take her hand or something, and for propriety's sake she stayed.

"Yes," said Lucilla — and her heart did for one little moment give a faint thump against her breast. She could not help thinking what a difference it might have made to him, poor fellow, had he been under her lawful and righteous sway these ten years. But as she looked at him it became more and more apparent to Miss Marjoribanks that Mr. Cavendish *had* gone off, whatever she herself might have done. The outlines of his fine figure had changed considerably, and his face was a little red, and he had the look of a man whose circumstances, spiritual and temporal, would not quite bear a rigid examination. As she looked at him her pity became tinged by a certain shade of resentment, to think that after all it was his own fault. She could not, notwithstanding her natural frankness of expression, say to him — "You foolish soul, why didn't you marry me somehow, and make a man of yourself?" Lucilla carried honesty very far, but she could not go as far as that. "Yes," she said, turning her eyes upon him with a sort of abstract sympathy, and then she added softly — "Have you ever seen Her again?" with a lowering of her voice.

This interesting question, which utterly bewildered aunt Jemima, drove Mr. Cavendish wild with rage. Mrs. John said afterwards that she felt a shiver go through her as he took up the carving-knife, though it was only to cut some cold beef. He grew white all at once, and pressed his lips tightly together, and fixed his eyes on the wall straight before him. "I did not think, after what I once said to you, Miss Marjoribanks, that you would continue to insult my judgment in that way," he said, with a chill which fell upon the whole table, and took the life out of everything, and dimmed the very fire in the chimney. And after that the conversation was of a sufficiently ordinary description until they went back again into the drawing-room, by which time Mr. Cavendish seemed to have concluded that it was best to pocket the affront.

"I am going to begin my canvass to-morrow," he said. "I have not seen anybody

yet. I have nobody but my sister to take me in hand, you know. There was once a time when it might have been different" — and he gave Lucilla a look which she thought on the whole it was best to meet.

"Yes," said Miss Marjoribanks, with cruel distinctness, "there was a time when you were the most popular man in Grange Lane — everybody was fond of you. I remember it as if it had been yesterday," said Lucilla, with a sigh.

"You don't give a man much encouragement, by Jove!" said the unlucky candidate. "You remember it like yesterday! It may be vanity, but I flatter myself I shall still be found the most popular man in Grange Lane."

Miss Marjoribanks sighed again, but she did not say anything. On the contrary she turned to aunt Jemima, who kept in the background an alarmed and alert spectator, to consult her about a shade of wool — and just then Mr. Cavendish, looking out of the window, saw Major Brown conducting his rival through his garden, and shaking hands with him cordially at the door. This was more than the patience of the other candidate could bear. A sudden resolution, hot and angry, as are the resolutions of men who feel themselves to have a failing cause, came into his mind. He had been badgered and baited to such an extent (as he thought) that he had not time to consider if it was wise or not. He, too, had sat to Maria Brown, and commanded once the warmest admiration of the household. He thought he would put it to the test, and see if after all his popularity was only a thing to be remembered like yesterday — and it was with this intention that he bade a hurried good-by to Lucilla, and rushing out, threw himself at once upon the troubled waves of society, which had once been as smooth as glass to the most popular man in Grange Lane.

CHAPTER XLII.

MR. CAVENDISH thought he had been an object of admiration to Maria Brown, as we have said. He thought of it with a little middle-aged complacency, and a confidence that this vague sentiment would stand the test he was about to apply to it, which did honour to the freshness of his heart. With this idea it was Miss Brown he asked for as he knocked at the Major's door; and he found them both in the drawing-room, Maria with gloves on to hide the honourable stains of her photography, which made her com-

paratively useless when she was out of her "studio"—and her father walking about in a state of excitement, which was, indeed, what Mr. Cavendish expected. The two exchanged a guilty look when they saw who their visitor was. They looked as people might well look who had been caught in the fact and did not know how to get over it. They came forward, both of them, with a cowardly cordiality and eagerness to welcome him—"How very good of you to come to see us so soon!" Miss Brown said, and fluttered and looked at her father, and could not tell what more to say. And then a dead pause fell upon them—such a pause as not unfrequently falls upon people who have got through their mutual greetings almost with an excess of cordiality. They stopped short all at once, and looked at each other, and smiled, and made a fatal conscious effort to talk of something. "It is so good of you to come so soon," Miss Brown repeated; "perhaps you have been to see Lucilla," and then she stopped again, slightly tremulous, and turned an appealing gaze to her papa.

"I have come to see *you*," said Mr. Cavendish, plucking up all his courage. "I have been a long time gone, you know, but I have not forgotten Carlingford; and you must forgive me for saying that I was very glad to hear I might still come to see—Miss Brown. As for Lydia?" said the candidate, looking about him with a smile.

"Ah, Lydia," said her sister, with a sigh, "her eldest is eight, Mr. Cavendish. We don't see her so often as we should like—marriage makes such a difference. Of course it is quite natural she should be all for her own family now."

"Quite natural," said Mr. Cavendish, and then he turned to the Major. "I don't think there are quite so many public changes as I expected to see. The old Rector always holds out, and the old Colonel; and you have not done much that I can see about the new paving. You know what I have come home about, Major; and I am sure I can count upon you to support me," the candidate said, with a great deal more confidence than he felt in his voice.

Major Brown cleared his throat; his heart was moved by the familiar voice, and he could not conceal his embarrassment. "I hope nothing will ever occur," he said, "to make any difference in the friendly feelings—I am sure I shall be very glad to welcome you back permanently to Carlingford. You may always rest assured of that," and he held out his hand. But he grew red as he thought of his treachery,

and Maria, who was quaking over it, did not even try to say a word to help him—and as for Mr. Cavendish, he took up his position on the arm of the sofa, as he used to do. But he had a slim youthful figure when he used to do it, and now the attitude was one which revealed a certain dawning rotundity, very different, as Maria afterwards said, from one's idea of Mr. Cavendish. He was not aware of it himself, but as these two people looked, their simultaneous thought was how much he had changed.

"Thank you, you are very kind," said Mr. Cavendish. "I have been a little lazy, I am afraid, since I came here; but I expect my agent down to-night, and then, I hope, you'll come over to my place and have a talk with Woodburn and Centum and the rest about it. I am a poor tactician, for my part. You shall contrive what is best to be done, and I'll carry it out. I suppose I may expect almost to walk over," he said. It was the confidence of despair that moved him. The more he saw that his cause was lost, the more he would make it out that he was sure to win—which is not an unusual state of mind.

"I—I don't know, I am sure," said poor Major Brown. "To tell the truth, I—though I can safely say my sympathies are always with you, Cavendish—I—have been so unfortunate as to commit myself, you know. It was quite involuntary, I am sure, for I never thought my casual expression of opinion likely to have any weight!"

"Papa, never will perceive the weight that is attached to his opinion," said Miss Brown.

"I was not thinking of it in the least, Maria," said the modest Major; "but the fact is, it seems to have been that decided Ashburton to stand; and after drawing a man into such a thing, the least one can do is to back him out in it. Nobody had an idea then, you know, that you were coming back, my dear fellow. I assure you, if I had known!"

"But even if you had known, you know you never meant it, papa," said Maria. And Mr. Cavendish sat on the arm of the sofa, and put his hands deep into his pockets, and dropped his upper lip, and knit his eyebrows a little, and listened to the anxious people excusing themselves. He did not make any answer one way or another. He was terribly mortified and disappointed, and it went against his pride to make any further remonstrances. When they had done, he got down off his seat and took his right hand out of his pocket and

offered it to Miss Brown, who, putting her own into it, poor soul! with the remembrance of her ancient allegiance, was like to cry.

"Well," he said, "if that is the case, I suppose I need not bother you any longer. You'll give me your good wishes all the same. I used to hear of Ashburton sometimes, but I never had the least idea he was so popular. And to tell the truth, I don't think he's any great things to brag of — though I suppose it's not to be expected I should appreciate his qualities," Mr. Cavendish added, with a laugh. As for Miss Brown, it was all she could do to keep from crying as he went away. She said she could see, by the way he left the drawing-room, that he was a stricken deer; and yet, notwithstanding this sympathetic feeling, she could not but acknowledge, when Miss Marjoribanks mentioned it, that to have been such a handsome man, he was inconceivably gone off.

Mr. Cavendish went up Grange Lane with his hands in his pockets, and tried to think that he did not care; but he did care all the same, and was very bitter in his mind over the failure of friends and the vanity of expectations. The last time he had walked past those garden walls he had thought himself sure of the support of Carlingford, and the personal esteem of all the people in all the houses he was passing. It was after the Archdeacon had broken down in his case against the man whom he called an adventurer, and when Mr. Cavendish felt all the sweetness of being a member of an oligarchy, and entitled to the sympathy and support of his order. Now he went along the same path with his hat over his ears and his hands in his pockets, and rage and pain in his heart. Whose fault was it that his friends had deserted him and Carlingford knew him no more? He might as well have asked whose fault it was that he was getting stout and red in the face, and had not the same grace of figure nor ease of mind as he used to have? He had come very near to settling down and becoming a man of domestic respectability in this quiet place, and he had just escaped in time, and had laughed over it since, and imagined himself, with much glee, an old fogie looking after a lot of children. But the fact is that men do become old fogies even when they have no children to look after, and lose their figure and their elasticity just as soon and perhaps a little sooner in the midst of what is called life than in any milder scene of enjoyment. And it would have been very handy just

now to have been sure of his election without paying much for it. He had been living fast, and spending a great deal of money, and this, after all, was the only real ambition he had ever had; and he had thought within himself that if he won he would change his mode of life, and turn over a new leaf, and become all at once a different man. When a man has made such a resolution, and feels not only that a mere success but a moral reformation depends upon his victory, he may be permitted to consider that he has a right to win; and it may be divined what his state of mind was when he had made the discovery that even his old friends did not see his election to be of any such importance as he did, and could think of a miserable little bit of self-importance or gratified vanity more than of his interests — even the women who had once been so kind to him! He had just got so far in his thoughts when he met Mr. Centum, who stared for a moment, and then burst into one of his great laughs as he greeted him. "Good Lord! Cavendish, is this you? I never expected to see you like that!" the banker said, in his coarse way. "You're stouter than I am, old fellow; and such an Adonis as you used to be!" Mr. Cavendish had to bear all this without giving way to his feelings, or even showing them any more than he could help it. Nobody would spare him that imbecile suggestion as to how things used to be. To be growing stouter than Centum without Centum's excuse of being a well-to-do house-holder and father of a family, and respectable man from whom stoutness was expected, was very bitter to him; but he had to gulp it down, and recollect that Centum was as yet the only influential supporter, except his brother-in-law, whom he had in Carlingford.

"What have you been doing with yourself since you came that nobody has seen you?" said Mr. Centum. "If you are to do any good here, you know we shall have to look alive."

"I have been ill," said the unfortunate candidate, with a little natural loss of temper. "You would not have a man to trudge about at this time of year in all weathers when he is ill."

"I would not be ill again, if I were you, till it's all over," said Mr. Centum. "We shall have to fight every inch of our ground; and I tell you that fellow Ashburton knows what he's about — he goes at everything in a steady sort of way. He's not brilliant, you know, but he's sure" —

"Brilliant!" said Mr Cavendish, "I should think not. It is Lucilla Marjoribanks who is putting him up to it. You know she had an old grudge at me."

"Oh, nonsense about Lucilla," said Mr. Centum. "I can tell you Ashburton is not at all a contemptible adversary. He is going to work in the cunningest way — not a woman's sort of thing; and he's not a ladies'-man like you," the banker added, with a laugh.

"But I am afraid you can't go in for that sort of thing as you used to do, Cavendish. You should marry, and settle, and become a steady member of society, now you've grown so stout." This was the kind of way in which he was addressed even by his own supporter, who uttered another great laugh as he went off upon his busy way. It was a sort of thing Mr. Cavendish was not used to, and he felt it accordingly. To be sure he knew that he was ten years older, and that there were several things which he could not do with the same facility as in his youth. But he had saved up Carlingford in his imagination as a spot in which he would always be young, and where nobody should find out the difference; and in tead of that, it was precisely in Carlingford that he was fated to hear how changed he was, with a frankness which only old friends would have been justified in using. As for Lucilla Marjoribanks, she was rather better looking than otherwise, and absolutely had not gone off. It did not occur to Mr. Cavendish that this might be because Lucilla at present was not still so old as he had been ten years ago, in the period which he now considered his youth. He was rather disposed, on the contrary, to take a moral view, and to consider that it was her feminine incapacity for going too far, which had kept years and amusements from having their due effect upon Miss Marjoribanks. And, poor fellow, he *had* gone too far. He had not been as careful in his life as he might have been had he stayed at Carlingford; and now he was paying the penalty. Such was the edifying state of mind which he had come to when he reached the top of Grove Street. And there a waft of soft recollections came across his mind. In the absence of all sympathy he could not help turning back to the thought of the enchantress of old who used to sing to him, and listen to him, and storm at him. Probably he would have ended by strolling along the familiar street, and canvassing for Mr. Lake's vote, which would have done him no good in Carlingford, but just then Dr. Marjoribanks stop-

ped in his brougham. The Doctor was looking very strange that morning, though nobody had particularly remarked it — perhaps because he smoothed his countenance when he was out of the brougham, which was his refuge when he had anything to think about. But he stopped suddenly to speak to Mr. Cavendish, and perhaps he had not time to perform that ceremony. He looked dark and cloudy, and constrained, and as if he forced himself to speak; which, to be sure, under the circumstances, was not so very strange.

"I am very glad to see you," the Doctor said, "though you were a day too late you know. Why didn't you give us warning before we all went and committed ourselves? If we had known that you were coming" —

"Ah, that's what old Brown said," said Mr. Cavendish, with a slight shrug of his shoulders; which was imprudent, for the Major was not so old as the Doctor, and besides was a much less important man in Grange Lane.

"So you have been to see old Brown," said Dr. Marjoribanks, in his dry way. "He always was a great admirer of yours. I can't wish you luck, you know, for if you win we lose" —

"Oh, I don't want you to wish me luck. I don't suppose there can be much comparison between my chance and that of a new man whom nobody ever heard of in my time," said the candidate for Carlingford. "I thought you Scotchmen, Doctor, always liked to be on the winning side."

"We've a way of making our side the winning side," said Dr. Marjoribanks, grimly, for he was touchy where his nationality was concerned. "Health all right, I hope?" he added, looking at Mr. Cavendish with that critical medical glance which shows that a verbal response is quite unnecessary. This time there was in the look a certain insinuation of doubt on the subject, which was not pleasant. "You are getting stout, I see," Dr. Marjoribanks added — not laughing, but as if that too was poor Mr. Cavendish's fault.

"Yes, I'm very well," he answered, curtly; but the truth was that he did not feel sure that he was quite well after he had seen the critical look in Dr. Marjoribanks's eye.

"You young men always go too fast," said the Doctor, with a strange little smile; but the term at least was consolatory; and after that Dr. Marjoribanks quite changed his tone. "Have you heard Woodburn talking of that great crash in town?" he said

—“that India house, you know—I suppose it’s quite true?”

“Quite true,” said Mr. Cavendish, promptly, and somehow he felt a pleasure in saying it. “I got all the particulars to-day in one of my letters—and lots of private people involved, which is always the way with these old houses,” he added, with a mixture of curiosity and malice—“widows, and all sorts of superannuated folks.”

“It’s a great pity,” said the Doctor: “I knew old Linchfield once, the chief partner—I am very sorry to hear it’s true;” and then the two shook hands, and the brougham drove on. As for Mr. Cavendish, he made up his mind at once that the Doctor was involved, and was not sorry, and felt that it was a sort of judicial recompense for his desertion of his friends. And he went home to tell his sister of it, who shared in his sentiments. And then it was not worth while going out any more that day—for the electioneering agent, who knew all about it, was not coming till the last train. “I suppose I shall have to work when he is here,” Mr. Cavendish said. And in the mean time he threw himself into an easy-chair. Perhaps that was why he was getting so stout.

And in the mean time the Doctor went on visiting his patients. When he came back to his brougham between his visits, and went bowling along in that comfortable way, along the familiar roads, there was a certain glumness upon his face. He was not a demonstrative man, but when he was alone you could tell by certain lines about the well-worn cordage of his countenance whether all was right with the Doctor; and it was easy to see just at this moment that all was not right with him. But he did not say anything about it when he got home; on the contrary, he was just at usual, and told his daughter all about his encounter with Mr. Cavendish. “A man at his time of life has no right to get fat—it’s a sort of thing I don’t like to see. And he’ll never be a ladies’ man no more, Lucilla,” said the Doctor, with a gleam of humour in his eye.

“He is exactly like George the Fourth, papa,” said Miss Marjoribanks; and the Doctor laughed as he sat down to dinner. If he had anything on his mind he bore it like a hero, and gave no sign; but then, as Mrs. John very truly remarked, when a man does not disclose his annoyances they always tell more upon him in the end.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THERE were a great many reasons why this should be a critical period in Miss Marjoribanks’s life. For one thing, it was the limit she had always proposed to herself for her term of young-ladyhood; and naturally, as she outgrew the age for them, she felt disposed to put away childish things. To have the control of society in her hands was a great thing; but still the mere means, without any end, was not worth Lucilla’s while—and her Thursdays were almost a bore to her in her present stage of development. They occurred every week, to be sure, as usual; but the machinery was all perfect, and went on by itself, and it was not in the nature of things that such a light adjunct of existence should satisfy Lucilla, as she opened out into the ripeness of her thirtieth year. It was this that made Mr. Ashburton so interesting to her, and his election a matter into which she entered so warmly, for she had come to an age at which she might have gone into Parliament herself had there been no disqualification of sex; and when it was almost a necessity for her to make some use of her social influence. Miss Marjoribanks had her own ideas in respect to charity, and never went upon ladies’ committees, nor took any further share than what was proper and necessary in parish work; and when a woman has an active mind, and still does not care for parish work, it is a little hard for her to find a “sphere.” And Lucilla, though she said nothing about a sphere, was still more or less in that condition of mind which has been so often and so fully described to the British public—when the ripe female intelligence, not having the natural resource of a nursery and a husband to manage, turns inwards, and begins to “make a protest” against the existing order of society, and to call the world to account for giving it no due occupation—and to consume itself. She was not the woman to make protests, nor to claim for herself the doubtful honours of a false position; but she felt all the same that at her age she had outlived the occupations that were sufficient for her youth. To be sure, there were still the dinners to attend to, a branch of human affairs worthy of the weightiest consideration, and she had a house of her own, as much as if she had been half-a-dozen times married; but still there are instincts which go even beyond dinners, and Lucilla had become conscious that her capabilities were greater than her

work. She was a Power in Carlingford, and she knew it; but still there is little good in the existence of a Power unless it can be made use of for some worthy end.

She was coming up Grange Lane rather late one evening, pondering upon these things—thinking within herself compassionately of poor Mr. Cavendish, a little in the same way as he had been thinking of her, but from the opposite point of view. For Lucilla could not but see the antithesis of their position, and how he was the foolish apprentice who had chosen his own way and was coming to a bad end, while she was the steady one about to ride by in her Lord Mayor's coach. And Miss Marjoribanks was thinking at the same time of the other candidate, whose canvass was going on so successfully; and that, after the election and all the excitement was over, she would feel a blank. There could be no doubt she would feel a blank—and Lucilla did not see how the blank was to be filled up as she looked into the future; for, as has been said, parish work was not much in her way, and for a woman who feels that she is a Power, there are so few other outlets. She was a little disheartened as she thought it all over. Glimpses of possibility, it is true, crossed her mind, such as that of marrying the member for Carlingford, for instance, and thus beginning a new and more important career; but she was too experienced a woman not to be aware by this time, that possibilities which did not depend upon herself alone had better not be calculated upon. And there did occur to her, among other things, the idea of making a great Experiment which could be carried out only by a woman of genius—of marrying a poor man, and affording to Carlingford and England an example which might influence unborn generations. Such were the thoughts that were passing through her mind when, to her great surprise, she came up to her father, walking up Grange Lane over the dirty remains of the snow—for there was a great deal of snow that year. It was so strange a sight to see Dr. Marjoribanks walking that at the first glance Lucilla was startled, and thought something was the matter; but, of course, it all arose from a perfectly natural and explainable cause.

"I have been down to see Mrs. Chiley," said the Doctor; "she has her rheumatism very bad again; and the horse has been so long out that I thought I would walk home. I think the old lady is a little upset about Cavendish, Lucilla. He was always a pet of hers."

"Dear Mrs. Chiley! she is not very bad, I hope?" said Miss Marjoribanks.

"Oh no, she is not very bad," said the Doctor, in a dreary tone. "The poor old machine is just about breaking up, that is all. We can cobble it this once, but next time perhaps"—

"Don't talk in such a disheartening way, papa," said Lucilla. "I am sure she is not so very old."

"We're all pretty old, for that matter," said the Doctor; "we can't run on for ever, you know. If you had been a boy like that stupid fellow, Tom, you might have carried on my practice, Lucilla—and even extended it, I shouldn't wonder," Dr. Marjoribanks added, with a little grunt, as who should say *that* is the way of the world.

"But I am not a boy," said Lucilla, mildly; "and even if I had been, you know, I might have chosen another profession. Tom never had any turn for medicine that I ever heard of"—

"I hope you know pretty well about all the turns he ever had with that old—woman," said the Doctor, pulling himself up sharply, "always at your ear. I suppose she never talks of anything else. But I hope you have too much sense for that sort of thing, Lucilla. Tom will never be anything but a poor man if he were to live a hundred years."

"Perhaps not, papa," said Lucilla, with a little sigh. The Doctor knew nothing about the great social experiment which it had entered into Miss Marjoribanks's mind to make for the regeneration of her contemporaries and the good of society, or possibly he might not have distinguished Tom by that particular title. Was it he, perhaps, who was destined to be the hero of a domestic drama embodying the best principles of that Moral Philosophy which Lucilla had studied with such success at Mount Pleasant? She *could* not ask herself the question, for things had not as yet come to that point, but it gleamed upon her mind as by a side-light.

"I don't know how you would get on if you were poor," said the Doctor. "I don't think that would suit you. You would make somebody a capital wife, I can say that for you, Lucilla, that had plenty of money and a liberal disposition like yourself. But poverty is another sort of thing, I can tell you. Luckily you're old enough to have got over all the love-in-a-cottage ideas—if you ever had them," Dr. Marjoribanks added. He was a worldly man himself, and he thought his daughter a

worldly woman; and yet, though he thoroughly approved of it, he still despised Lucilla a little for her prudence, which is a paradoxical state of mind not very unusual in the world.

"I don't think I ever had them," said Lucilla — "not that kind of poverty. I know what a cottage means; it means a wretched man, always about the house with his feet in slippers, you know — what poor dear Mr. Cavendish would come to if he was poor" —

The Doctor laughed, though he had not seemed up to this moment much disposed for laughing. "So that is all your opinion of Cavendish," he said; "and I don't think you are far wrong either; and yet that was a young fellow that might have done better." Dr. Marjoribanks said reflectively, perhaps not without a slight prick of conscience that he had forsaken an old friend.

"Yes," said Lucilla, with a certain solemnity — "but you know, papa, if a man will not when he may" — And she sighed, though the Doctor, who had not been thinking of Mr. Cavendish's prospects in that light, laughed once more; but it was a sharp sort of sudden laugh without much heart in it. He had most likely other things of more importance in his mind.

"Well, there have been a great many off and on since that time," he said, smiling rather grimly. "It is time you were thinking about it seriously, Lucilla. I am not so sure about some things as I once was, and I'd rather like to see you well settled before — It's a kind of prejudice a man has," the Doctor said abruptly, which, whatever he might mean by it, was a dismal sort of speech to make.

"Before what, papa?" asked Lucilla, with a little alarm.

"Tut — before long, to be sure," he said, impatiently. "Ashburton would not be at all amiss if he liked it and you liked it; but it's no use making any suggestions about those things. So long as you don't marry a fool" — Dr. Marjoribanks said, with energy. "I know — that is, of course, I've seen what that is; you can't expect to get perfection, as you might have looked for perhaps at twenty; but I advise you to marry, Lucilla. I don't think you are cut out for a single woman, for my part."

"I don't see the good of single women," said Lucilla, "unless they are awfully rich; and I don't suppose I shall ever be awfully rich. But, papa, so long as I can be a comfort to you" —

"Yes," said the Doctor, with that tone which Lucilla could remember fifteen years

ago, when she made the same magnanimous suggestion, "but I can't live for ever, you know. It would be a pity to sacrifice yourself to me, and then perhaps next morning find that it was a useless sacrifice. It very often happens like that when self-devotion is carried too far. You've behaved very well, and shown a great deal of good sense, Lucilla — more than I gave you credit for when you commenced — I may say that; and if there was to be any change, for instance" —

"What change?" said Lucilla, not without some anxiety; for it was an odd way of talking, to say the least of it; but the Doctor had come to a pause, and did not seem disposed to resume.

"It is not so pleasant as I thought walking over this snow," he said. "I can't give that up, that I can see. And there's more snow in the air if I'm any judge of the weather. There — go in — go in; don't wait for me; — but mind you make haste and dress, for I want my dinner. I may have to go down to Mrs. Chiley again to-night."

It was an odd way of talking, and it was odd to break off like this; but then, to be sure, there was no occasion for any more conversation, since they had just arrived at their own door. It made Lucilla uneasy for the moment, but while she was dressing she managed to explain it to herself, and to think, after all, it was only natural that her papa should have seen a little into the movement and commotion of her thoughts; and then poor dear old Mrs. Chiley being so ill, who was one of his own set, so to speak. He was quite cheerful later in the evening, and enjoyed his dinner, and was even more civil than usual to Mrs. John. And though he did not come up to tea, he made his appearance afterwards with a flake of new-fallen snow still upon his rusty grey whiskers. He had gone to see his patient again, notwithstanding the silent storm outside. And his countenance was a little overcast this time, no doubt by the late walk, and the serious state Mrs. Chiley was in, and his encounter with the snow.

"Oh yes, she is better," he said. "I knew she would do this time. People at our time of life don't go off in that accidental kind of a way. When a woman has been so long used to living, it takes her a time to get into the way of dying. She might be a long time thinking about it yet, if all goes well" —

"Papa, don't speak like that!" said Lucilla. "Dying! I can't bear to think of such a thing. She is not so very old."

"Such things will happen whether you can bear to think of them or not," said the Doctor. "I said you would go down and see her to-morrow. We've all held out a long time — the lot of us. I don't like to think of the first gap myself, but somebody must make a beginning, you know."

"The Chileys were always older than you," said Mrs. John. "I remember in poor Mrs. Marjoribanks's time; — they were quite elderly then, and you were just beginning. When my Tom was a baby? —"

"We were always of the same set," said the Doctor, interrupting her without hesitation. "Lucilla, they say Cavendish has got hold of the Rector. He has made believe to be penitent, you know. That is cleverer than anything you could have done. And if he can't be won back again it will be serious, the Colonel says. You are to try if you can suggest anything. It seems," said the Doctor, with mingled amusement and satire, and a kind of gratification, "that Ashburton has great confidence in you."

"It must have been the agent," said Lucilla. "I don't think any of the rest of them are equal to that. I don't see, if that is the case, how we are to win him back. If Mr. Ashburton had ever done anything very wicked, perhaps" —

"You are safe to say *he* is not penitent anyhow," said Dr. Marjoribanks, and he took his candle and went away with a smile. But either Mr. Ashburton's good opinion of Lucilla, or some other notion, had touched the Doctor. He was not a man who said much at any time, but when he bade her good-night, his hand drooped upon Lucilla's shoulder, and he patted it softly, as he might have patted the head of a child. It was not much, but still it was a good deal from him. To feel the lingering touch of her father's hand caressing her, even in so mild a way, was something quite surprising and strange to Miss Marjoribanks. She looked up at him almost with alarm, but he was just then turning away with his candle in his hand. And he seemed to have laid aside his gloom, and even smiled to himself as he went up-stairs. "If *she* had been the boy instead of that young ass," he said to himself. He could not have explained why he was more than ordinarily hard just then upon the innocent, far-distant Tom, who was unlucky, it is true, but not exactly an ass, after all. But somehow it struck the Doctor more than ever how great a loss it was to society and to herself that Lucilla was not "the boy." She could have continued, and perhaps extended, the practice,

whereas just now it was quite possible that she might drop down into worsted-work and tea-parties like any other single woman — while Tom, who had carried off the family honours, and was "the boy" in this limited and unfruitful generation, was never likely to do anything to speak of, and would be a poor man if he were to live for a hundred years. Perhaps there was something else behind that made the Doctor's brow contract a little as he crossed the threshold of his chamber, into which, no more than into the recesses of his heart, no one ever penetrated; but it was the lighter idea of that comparison, which had no actual pain in it, but only a kind of humorous discontent, which was the last articulate thought in his mind as he went to his room and closed his door with a little sharpness as he always did, upon the outside world.

Aunt Jemima, for her part, lingered a little with Lucilla down-stairs. "My dear, I don't think my brother-in-law looks well to-night. I don't think Carlingford is so healthy as it is said to be. If I were you, Lucilla, I would try and get your papa to take something," said Mrs. John, with anxiety, "before he goes to bed."

"Dear aunt Jemima, he never takes anything. You forget he is a doctor," said Miss Marjoribanks. "It always puts him out when he has to go out in the evening; and he is sad about Mrs. Chiley, though he would not say so." But nevertheless Lucilla knocked at his door when she went up-stairs. And the Doctor, though he did not open, growled within with a voice which reassured his dutiful daughter. "What should I want, do you think, but to be left quiet?" the Doctor said. And even Mrs. John, who had waited at his door, with her candle in her hand, to hear the result, shrank within at the sound and was seen no more. And Miss Marjoribanks, too, went to her rest, with more than one subject of thought which kept her awake. In the first place, the Rector was popular in his way, and if he chose to call all his forces to rally round a penitent, there was no saying what might come of it; and then Lucilla could not help going back in the most illogical manner to her father's caress, and wondering what was the meaning of it. Meantime the snow fell heavily outside, and wrapped everything in a soft and secret whiteness. And amid the whiteness and darkness, the lamp burned steadily outside at the garden-gate, which pointed out the Doctor's door amid all the closed houses and dark garden-walls in Grange Lane — a kind of visible succour and help always at hand for those who were

suffering. And though Dr. Marjoribanks was not like a young man making a practice, but had perfect command of Carlingford, and was one of the richest men in it, it was well known in the town that the very poorest, if in extremity, in the depths of the wildest night that ever blew, would not seek help there in vain. The bell that had roused him when he was young, still hung near him in the silence of his closed-up house when he was old, and still could make him spring up, all self-possessed and ready, when the enemy death had to be fought with. But that night the snow cushioned the wire outside, and even made white cornices and columns about the steady lamp, and the Doctor slept within, and no one disturbed him; for except Mrs. Chiley and a few chronic patients, there was nothing particularly amiss in Carlingford, and then it was Dr. Rider whom all the new people went to, the people who lived in the innumerable new houses at the other end of Carlingford, and had no hallowing tradition of the superior authority of Grange Lane.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE talk of this evening might not have been considered of any importance to speak of, but for the extraordinary and most unlooked-for event which startled all Carlingford next morning. Nobody could believe that it was true. Dr. Marjoribanks's patients waited for him, and declared to their nurses that it was all a made-up-story, and that he would come and prove that he was not dead. How could he be dead? He had been as well as he ever was that last evening. He had gone down Grange Lane in the snow, to see the poor old lady who was now sobbing in her bed, and saying it was all a mistake, and that it was she who ought to have died. But all those protestations were of no avail against the cold and stony fact which had frightened Thomas out of his senses, when he went to call the Doctor. He had died in the night without calling or disturbing anybody. He must have felt faint, it seemed, for he had got up and taken a little brandy, the remains of which still stood on the table by his bedside; but that was all that anybody could tell about it. They brought Dr. Rider, of course; but all that he could do was to examine the strong, still frame, old, and yet not old enough to be weakly, or to explain such sudden extinction, which had ceased its human functions. And then the news swept over Carlingford like a breath of

wind, though there was no wind even on that silent snowy day to carry the matter. Dr. Marjoribanks was dead. It put the election out of people's heads, and even their own affairs for the time being; for had he not known all about the greater part of them—seen them come into the world and kept them in it—and put himself always in the breach when the pale Death approached that way? He had never made very much boast of his friendliness or been large in sympathetic expressions, but yet he had never flinched at any time, or deserted his patients for any consideration. Carlingford was sorry, profoundly sorry, with that true sorrow which is not so much for the person mourned as for the mourner's self, who feels a sense of something lost. The people said to themselves, Whom could they ever find who would know their constitution so well, and who was to take care of So-and-so if he had another attack? To be sure Dr. Rider was at hand, who felt a little agitated about it, and was conscious of the wonderful opening, and was very ready to answer, "I am here;" but a young doctor is different from an old one, and a living man all in commonplace health and comfort is not to be compared with a dead one, on the morning at least of his sudden ending. Thank heaven, when a life is ended there is always that hour or two remaining to set straight the defective balances, and do a hasty late justice to the dead, before the wave sweeps on over him and washes out the traces of his steps, and lets in the common crowd to make their thoroughfare over the grave.

"It cannot be the Doctor," Mrs. Chiley said, sobbing in her bed, "or else it has been in mistake for me. He was always a healthy man and never had anything the matter with him—and a great deal younger than we are, you know. If anything has happened to him it must have been in mistake for me," said the poor old lady, and she was so hysterical that they had to send for Dr. Rider, and she was thus the first to begin to build the new world on the foundations of the old, little as she meant it. But for the moment everything was paralysed in Grange Lane, and canvassing came to a standstill, and nothing was discussed but Dr. Marjoribanks—how he was dead, though nobody could or would believe it; and how Lucilla would be left, and who her trustees were, and how the place could ever get used to the want of him, or would ever look like itself again without his familiar presence. It was by way of relieving their minds from the horror of the idea,

that the good people rushed into consultations what Lucilla would do. It took their minds a little off the ghastly imagination of that dark room with the snow on the window, and the late moonlight trying to get into the darkness, and the white rigid face inside, as he was said to have been found. It could not but make a terrible change to her—indeed, through her it could not but make a great change to everybody. The Doctor's house would, of course, be shut up, which had been the most hospitable house in Carlingford, and things would drop into the unsatisfactory state they used to be in before Miss Marjoribanks's time, and there would no longer be anybody to organize society. Such were the ideas the ladies of Grange Lane relapsed into by way of delivering themselves from the pain of their first realization of what had happened. It would make a great change. Even the election and its anticipated joys could not but change character in some respects at least, and there would be nobody to make the best of them; and then the question was, What would Lucilla do? Would she have strength to "make an effort," as some people suggested; or would she feel not only her grief, but her downfall, and that she was now only a single woman, and sink into a private life, as some others were inclined to believe.

Inside the house, naturally, the state of affairs was sad enough. Lucilla, notwithstanding the many other things she had had to occupy her mind, was fond of her father, and the shock overwhelmed her for the moment. Though she was not the kind of woman to torture herself with thinking of things that she might have done, still at the first moment the idea that she ought not to have left him alone—that she should have sat up and watched or taken some extraordinary unusual precaution—was not to be driven away from her mind. The reign of reason was eclipsed in her as it often is in such an emergency. She said it was her fault in the first horror. "When I saw how he was looking, and how he was talking, I should never have left him," said Lucilla, which indeed was a very natural thing to say, but would have been an utterly impossible one to carry out, as she saw when she came to think of it. But she could not think of it just then. She did not think at all that first long snowy, troubled day, but went about the house, on the bedroom floor, wringing her hands like a creature distracted. "If I had only sat up," she said; and then she would recall the touch of his hand on her shoulder, which she seemed still to

be feeling, and cry out, like all the rest of the world, that it could not be true. But, to be sure, that was a state of feeling that could not last long. There are events for which something higher than accident must be held accountable, were one ever so ready to take the burden of affairs on one's own shoulders; and Lucilla knew, when she came to herself, that if she had watched ever so long or so closely, that could have had no effect upon the matter. After a while the bewildering sense of her own changed position began to come upon her, and roused her up into that feverish and unnatural activity of thought which, in some minds, is the inevitable reaction after the unaccustomed curb and shock of grief. When she had got used to that dreadful certainty about her father, and had suddenly come with a leap to the knowledge that she was not to blame, and could not help it, and that though he was gone, she remained, it is no censure upon Lucilla to say that her head became immediately full of a horror and confusion of thoughts, an involuntary stir and bustle of plans and projects, which she did all she could to put down, but which would return and overwhelm her whether she chose it or not. She could not help asking herself what her new position was, thinking it over, so strangely free and new and unlimited as it seemed. And it must be recollected that Miss Marjoribanks was a woman of very active mind and great energies, too old to take up a girl's fancy that all was over because she had encountered a natural grief on her passage, and too young not to see a long future still before her. She kept her room, as was to be expected, and saw nobody, and only moved the household and superintended the arrangements in a muffled way through Thomas, who was an old servant, and knew "the ways" of the house; but notwithstanding her seclusion and her honest sorrow, and her perfect observance of all the ordinary restraints of the moment, it would be wrong to omit all mention of this feverish bustle of thinking which came into Lucilla's mind in her solitude. Of all that she had to bear, it was the thing that vexed and irritated and distressed her the most—as if, she said to herself indignantly, she ought to have been able to think of anything! And the chances are that Lucilla, for sheer duty's sake, would have said, if anybody had asked, that of course she had not thought of anything as yet; without being aware that the mere shock, and horror, and profound commotion had a great deal more to do than anything else in producing that

fluttering crowd of busy, vexatious speculations which had come, without any will of hers, into her heart.

It looked a dreadful change in one way as she looked at it without wishing to look at it in the solitude of her own room, where the blinds were all down, and the snow sometimes came with a little thump against the window, and where it was so dark that it was a comfort when night came, and the lamp could be lighted. So far as Carlingford was concerned, it would be almost as bad for Miss Marjoribanks as if she were her father's widow instead of his daughter. To keep up a position of social importance in a single woman's house, unless as she had herself lightly said so short a time since, she were awfully rich, would be next to impossible. All that gave importance to the centre of society — the hospitable table, the open house — had come to an end with the Doctor. Things could no more be as they had once been, in that respect at least. She might stay in the house, and keep up to the furthest extent possible to her its old traditions; but even to the utmost limit to which Lucilla could think it right to go it could never be the same. This consciousness kept gleaming upon her as she sat in the dull daylight, behind the closed blinds, with articles of mourning piled about everywhere, and the grey dimness getting into her very eyes, and her mind distressed by the consciousness that she ought to have been unable to think; and the sadness of the prospect altogether was enough to stir up a reaction, in spite of herself, in Miss Marjoribanks's mind.

And on the other side she would no doubt be very well off, and could go wherever she liked, and had no limit, except what was right and proper and becoming, to what she might please to do. She might go abroad if she liked, which perhaps is the first idea of the modern English mind when anything happens to it, and settle wherever she pleased, and arrange her mode of existence as seemed good in her own eyes. She would be an heiress in a moderate way, and aunt Jemima was by this time absolutely at her disposal, and could be taken anywhere; and at Lucilla's age it was quite impossible to predict what might not happen to a woman in such a position. When these fairer possibilities gleamed into Lucilla's mind, it would be difficult to describe the anger and self-disgust with which she reproached herself — for perhaps it was the first time that she had consciously failed in maintaining a state of mind becoming the occasion; and though nobody but herself

knew of it, the pain of the accusation was acute and bitter. But how could Miss Marjoribanks help it? — the mind travels so much quicker than anything else, and so far, and makes its expeditions in such subtle, stealthy ways. She might begin by thinking of her dear papa, and yet before she could dry her eyes might be off in the midst of one of these bewildering speculations. For everything was certain now so far as he was concerned; and everything was so uncertain, and full of such unknown issues for herself. Thus the dark days before the funeral passed by — and everybody was very kind. Dr. Marjoribanks was one of the props of the place, and all Carlingford bestirred itself to do him the final honours; and all her friends conspired how to save Lucilla from all possible trouble, and help her over the trial; and to see how much he was respected was the greatest of all possible comforts to her, as she said.

Thus it was that among the changes that everybody looked for, there occurred all at once this change which was entirely unexpected, and put everything else out of mind for the moment. For to tell the truth, Dr. Marjoribanks was one of the men who, according to external appearance, need never have died. There was nothing about him that wanted to be set right, no sort of loss, or failure, or misunderstanding, so far as anybody could see. An existence in which he could have his friends to dinner every week, and a good house, and good wine, and a very good table, and nothing particular to put him out of his way, seemed in fact the very ideal of the best life for the Doctor. There was nothing in him that seemed to demand anything better, and it was confusing to try to follow him into that which, no doubt, must be in all its fundamentals a very different kind of world. He was a just man and a good man in his way, and had been kind to many people in his lifetime — but still he did not seem to have that need of another rectifying completer existence which most men have. There seemed no reason why he should die — a man who was so well contented with this lower region in which many of us fare badly, and where so few of us are contented. This was a fact which exercised a very confusing influence, even when they themselves were not aware of it, on many people's minds. It was hard to think of him under any other circumstances, or identify him with angels and spirits — which feeling on the whole made the regret for him a more poignant sort of regret.

And they buried him with the greatest signs of respect. People from twenty miles

off sent their carriages, and all the George Street people shut their shops, and there was very little business done all day. Mr. Cavendish and Mr. Ashburton walked side by side at the funeral, which was an affecting sight to see; and if anything more could have been done to show their respect which was not done, the corporation of Carlingford would have been sorry for it. And the snow still lay deep in all the corners, though it had been trampled down all about the Doctor's house, where the lamp was not lighted now of nights; for what was the use of lighting the lamp, which was a kind of lighthouse in its way, and meant to point out succour and safety for the neighbours, when the physician himself was lying beyond all hope of succour or aid? And all the Grange Lane people retired in a sympathetic, awe-stricken way, and decided, or at least the ladies did, to see Lucilla next day, if she was able to see them, and to find out whether she was going to make an effort, or what she meant to do. And Mrs. Chiley was so much better that she was able to be up a little in the evening, though she scarcely could forgive herself, and still could not help thinking that it was she who had really been sent for, and that the Doctor had been taken in mistake. And as for Lucilla, she sat in her room and cried, and thought of her father's hand upon her shoulder—that last unusual caress which was more touching to think of than a world of words. He had been fond of her and proud of her, and at the last moment he had showed it. And by times she seemed to feel again that lingering touch, and cried as if her heart would break: and yet, for all that, she could not keep her thoughts steady, nor prevent them from wandering to all kinds of profane out-of-door matters, and to considerations of the future, and estimates of her own position. It wounded her sadly to feel herself in such an inappropriate state of mind, but she could not help it; and then the want of natural light and air oppressed her sorely, and she longed for the evening, which felt a little more natural,

and thought that at last she might have a long talk with aunt Jemima, who was a kind of refuge in her present loneliness, and gave her a means of escape at the same time from all this bustle and commotion of unbecoming thoughts.

This was enough surely for any one to have to encounter at one time; but that very night another rumour began to murmur through Carlingford—a rumour more bewildering, more incredible still, than that of the Doctor's death, which the town had been obliged to confirm and acknowledge, and put its seal to. When the thing was first mentioned, everybody (who could find it in their heart to laugh) laughed loud in the face of the first narrator with mingled scepticism and indignation. They asked him what he meant by it, and ridiculed and scoffed at him to his face. "Lucilla will be the richest woman in Grange Lane," people said; "everybody in Carlingford knows that." But after this statement had been made, the town began to listen. It was obliged to listen, for other witnesses came in to confirm the story. It never might have been found out while the Doctor lived, for he had a great practice, and made a great deal of money; but now that he was dead, nothing could be hid. He was dead, and he had made an elaborate will, which was all as just and righteous as a will could be; but after the will was read, it was found out that everything named in it had disappeared like a bubble. Instead of being the richest, Dr. Marjoribanks was one of the poorest men in Carlingford, when he shut his door behind him on that snowy night. It was a revelation which took the town perfectly by storm, and startled everybody out of their senses. Lucilla's plans, which she thought so wicked, went out all of a sudden, in a certain dull amaze and dismay, to which no words could give any expression. Such was the second inconceivable reverse of fortune which happened to Miss Marjoribanks, more unexpected, more incomprehensible still than the other, in the very midst of her most important activities and hopes.

THE COUNTY CROP FOR CHIGNONS.—CHIGNONS! CHIGNONS! CHIGNONS! For Sale, by Order of Government, several cwt. of HAIR cut from the HEADS OF FEMALE CONVICTS in conformity with the Regulations established in Her Majesty's Gaols throughout the United Kingdom. In Lots, of every description of colour. The attention of PERRUQUIERS, PERFUMERS and others is invited to this opportunity of securing an adequate Supply of Material for

the manufacture of CHIGNONS of every Shade and Hue. A Liberal Allowance will be made to PURCHASERS on taking a QUANTITY.—N.B. The whole of the HAIR representing the average COUNTY CROP of the United Kingdom has been carefully subjected to a DISINFECTING PROCESS and exposed to a temperature of 212° Fahrenheit.

H. WADDINGTON.
WHITEHALL, JAN. 1, 1866. *Punch.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

STUART MILL ON MIND AND MATTER.*

A NEW SONG.

AIR — "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch."

*Stuart Mill, on Mind and Matter,
All our old Beliefs would scatter :
Stuart Mill exerts his skill
To make an end of Mind and Matter.*

The self-same tale I've surely heard,
Employed before, our faith to batter :
Has David Hume again appeared,
To run a-muck at Mind and Matter ?

*David Hume could Mind and Matter
Ruthlessly assault and batter :
Those who Hume would now exhume
Must mean to end both Mind and Matter.*

Now Mind, now Matter, to destroy,
Was oft proposed, at least the latter :
But David was the daring boy
Who fairly floored both Mind and Matter.

*David Hume, both Mind and Matter,
While he lived, would boldly batter :
Hume to Mill bequeathed by Will
His favourite feud with Mind and Matter.*

Men think they see the Things that be ;
But Truth is coy, we can't get at her ;
For what we spy is all my eye,
And isn't really Mind or Matter.

*Hume and Mill on Mind and Matter
Swear that others merely smatter :
Sense reveals that Something feels,
But tells no tale of Mind or Matter.*

Against a stone you strike your toe ;
You feel 'tis sore, it makes a clatter :
But what you feel is all you know
Of toe, or stone, or Mind, or Matter.

*Mill and Hume of Mind and Matter
Wouldn't leave a ray or tatter :
What although we feel the blow ?
That doesn't show there's Mind or Matter.*

*"Matter, then, may be defined a Permanent Possibility of Sensation." — *Mill's Examination of Hamilton*, p. 198.

"The belief I entertain that my mind exists, when it is not feeling, nor thinking, nor conscious of its own existence, resolves itself into the belief of a Permanent Possibility of these states." "The Permanent Possibility of feeling, which forms my notion of myself." — *Ibid.*, pp. 205, 206.

We meet and mix with other men ;
With women, too, who sweetly chatter :
But mayn't we here be duped again,
And take our thoughts for Mind and Matter ?

*Sights and sounds like Mind and Matter,
Fairy forms that seem to chatter,
May be gleams in Fancy's dreams
Of Men and Women, Mind and Matter.*

Successive feelings on us seize
(As thick as falling hail-stones patter),
The Chance of some return of these,
Is all we mean by Mind or Matter.

*Those who talk of Mind and Matter
Just a senseless jargon patter :
What are We, or you, or he ? —
Dissolving views, not Mind or Matter.*

We're but a train of visions vain,
Of thoughts that cheat, and hopes that flatter :
This hour's our own, the past is flown ;
The rest unknown, like Mind and Matter.

*Then farewell to Mind and Matter ;
To the winds at once we scatter
Time and Place, and Form and Space
And You and Me, and Mind and Matter,*

We banish hence Reid's Common Sense ;
We laugh at Dugald Stewart's blatter ;
Sir William, too, and Mansel's crew,
We've done for You, and Mind and Matter.

*Speak no more of Mind and Matter :
Mill with mud may else bespatter
All your schools of silly fools,
That dare believe in Mind or Matter.*

But had I skill, like Stuart Mill,
His own position I could shatter :
The weight of Mill, I count as Nil —
If Mill has neither Mind nor Matter.

*Mill, when minus Mind and Matter,
Though he make a kind of clatter,
Must himself just mount the Shelf,
And there be laid with Mind and Matter.*

I'd push my logic further still
(Though this may have the look of satire) :
I'd prove there's no such man as Mill, —
If Mill disproves both Mind and Matter.

*If there's neither Mind nor Matter,
Mill's existence, too, we shatter :
If you still believe in Mill,
Believe as well in Mind and Matter.*

From the Saturday Review.

THE TIMES ON AMERICAN TRADE.

A SINGULAR controversy has lately arisen between the *Times* and some of its commercial correspondents, which is not the less important though it may be impossible to arrive at a certain conclusion. The *Times* insists that the trade with the United States is absorbing English capital to an extent which threatens soon to lead to a pressure, and possibly to a genuine crisis, such as has not been witnessed for nearly ten years. The American merchants, on the other hand, show, or attempt to show, that the balance of our exports to their country over the imports during the last few months is extremely small; that the trade, though rapidly augmented, is thoroughly sound; and that there never was less occasion for commercial alarm. After the most careful consideration of the returns which relate to the commerce of the country, it is by no means easy to ascertain the exact truth as to the figures in dispute. It is undoubtedly true, as the *Times* maintains, that there has recently been a great expansion of the export trade to the American ports. On the other hand, it is equally true that the arrivals of cotton have been largely in excess of the import of former years, and that to some considerable extent the remaining balance has been made good by the importation of American securities. Without entering into the fruitless controversy as to the precise amount of the debt which is running up against America, we may assume that it is not very far from being represented by the amount of imported bonds. Though the great impulse to this trade began two or three months ago, there is no flow of bullion either way between the two countries, nor any very distinct trace of an equivalent operation through the channel of any third country. Whatever America may owe us is clearly a debt of which payment is not at present very urgently demanded; and though, in part, this may be due to the fact that credits are unexpired, it is probably attributable in much greater measure to the considerable amount of Federal bonds and other American securities which has been purchased in England since the establishment of peace. This, of course, has only the effect of changing the form, without diminishing the amount, of national indebtedness; but it must not be forgotten that, if a tendency now exists to invest in Transatlantic securities, it may work for some time before it supplies us with as large a total as was always held in England be-

fore the civil war. Moreover, the excess of exports over imports is not yet supposed by the most gloomy prophets to exceed seven or eight millions; and it is a fair observation that, while the *City* prophet of the *Times* sees no cause for alarm in a foreign loan recently announced for about the same amount, he need scarcely be frightened out of his senses by trading operations on a corresponding scale. It is noticeable that foreign loans, which may be rational investments for surplus capital, have a far more serious influence on our Money-market than the application of an equal sum of money to domestic enterprise or foreign trade; and yet it always happens that the *Times*, which watches with so much jealousy—and, we may add, with so much reason—the progress of joint-stock speculation and export trade, has never a word to say against the wildest proposals for putting British capital into the hands of foreign Governments whose solvency is measured by promised rates of interest of the most extravagant kind. It is probably this one-sided view of the transactions of the Exchange that has produced much of the unbelief with which the warnings of the *Times* *City* articles have been recently received. They are palpably over-strained in attributing the most tremendous possible consequences to the absorption of what cannot be considered a very vast amount of capital; and many traders who know that the American trade is going on very smoothly, and to all appearance very profitably, at present, have jumped to the opposite conclusion, that there is nothing in the present state of commerce to call for any special degree of watchfulness. It may turn out that in this theory they are wandering further on one side of the truth than the *Times* has done on the other, and certainly excessive confidence is a more dangerous temper than excessive caution.

The fact seems to be that the really important point has been lost sight of, or at any rate kept in the back-ground, by both parties to the discussion. They have wasted their ingenuity and their power of assertion in the endeavour to determine the precise amount of the adverse balance, when the real danger is not at all that a moderate temporary outlay of this kind will prove more than English capital is able to provide for. At the most, if we assume American trade to be thoroughly sound, there is only an investment of a few millions in safe hands, and it will need something more than this to derange the whole course of English commerce. But, in the midst of

all the wrangling about a secondary point, the real question of which the importance cannot be exaggerated is wholly overlooked. What the ultimate issue of the present activity of commerce may be depends mainly on the position in which our American debtors may find themselves before the year is over. If no part of the foreign and internal activity of American traders is due to the enormous expansion of their currency; if they have emerged from the war with a solid basis of capital capable of supporting a traffic twice as large as that which existed before the first shot was fired; if the exhaustion of the South and the feverish speculation of the North involve no elements of weakness; if there is no risk that trade may collapse as soon as the attempt shall be made to bring back the currency to par; if, in short Mr. McCULLOCH is entirely wrong in warning his countrymen against the existing tendency to inflation; then we may rest assured that nothing will shake the foundations of American commerce, and that the profits on our exports will well repay us for locking up a little of the aggregate national capital for a short time in American ventures. We do not observe, however, that any of the vindicators of American merchants put the case as high as this. All they do say is, that at present remittances come as satisfactorily and rapidly as could be desired; that the profits on all sides have been large; that, in spite of the duties, the American people have found the money to purchase and consume unheard-of quantities of European goods; and that no indication of immediate financial weakness is discernible. All this may be perfectly true, and yet an American crisis may be brewing all the more rapidly for the present appearance of universal prosperity. And the great danger for England is the probability, approaching to certainty, that we shall become so extensively and so intimately engaged on American account as to preclude all hope of localising any commercial disturbance, and sustaining our own financial position in spite of any disasters that may occur elsewhere. The very fact that, with a circulation enormously beyond anything which has ever existed before, the premium on gold has stood, ever since the peace, at no more than 50 per cent. is the reverse of encouraging. An excessive currency can only be absorbed in this way by an excessive trade, and reaction follows as inevitably upon excess in this as in other

matters. The stability of American markets would be much better secured if gold bore a premium more in proportion to the actual amount of superfluous notes; and it is impossible to contemplate the restrictive operations which Mr. McCULLOCH is, properly enough, bent upon, without grave doubts whether American trade will come safely through the ordeal. The trial cannot be avoided by any policy, and there is much sense in the determination of the Finance Minister to grapple with the risk at once, instead of waiting for a time when the commerce of his country may be still more inflated, and allowing the evils which follow in the train of a mock-prosperity to be aggravated, as they must be, by every day's delay.

If it were only certain that we should escape the consequences of any monetary disturbance in America, the course of affairs there might be watched with the placid interest with which we ordinarily contemplate the struggles and disasters of our friends; but there has been no example of a general commercial crisis in the United States which has not been severely felt also in the English markets. It is in the possible consequences of such a calamity that the only serious danger need be feared from the expansion of our trade with the United States; and, however much the *Times* may have erred in supposing that England was unable to bear the weight of a prosperous trade on the scale recently carried on, it would be a much more fatal error on the part of our merchants if they should assume that, after all she has gone through, and with all the difficulties yet to be mastered, America is not now in a very critical financial position. It is clearly not well for this country to stimulate the already unprecedented activity of American importers, or to cast in its lot too completely with a neighbour so peculiarly situated: and, with the fullest admission of the completeness of the answers to some of the reasonings of the *Times*, it must be owned that the conclusion was not very erroneous. If not precisely for the reason assigned, still as a matter of fact, it is just now the most prudent course to keep transactions with America within moderate bounds; and the *Times* may well be thanked for giving a wholesome warning, even by those who utterly dissent from its somewhat extravagant picture of the present condition of our American trade.

From the Spectator, Jan. 6.

THE TRIUMPH OF IDEAS.

THERE is strength, then, in ideas after all. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world did an idea gain so rapid, complete, and visible a triumph as that which was consummated at Washington on the 19th December. One of the many depressing signs around us which observers watch with alarm, is the apparent decay, or rather temporary paralysis, of the faith in ideas. In the new search for intellectual realism people doubt audibly — witness the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Thursday, on the French Press — whether thought is stronger than armies, whether an idea has, simply because it is great, the power of making itself effective. They do not despise thought, they do not many of them deny that it would be well if it were stronger than bayonets, but they question its effectiveness, its power to clothe itself in flesh and bones, and do great things in the world. Freedom is better than tyranny; but, after all, French freedom has battled for a hundred years only to be suppressed by the peasants of France. Pauperism is an evil; but, after all, the ideas of the social thinkers of Europe have not perceptibly diminished pauperism. Ignorance is bad; but, after all, crime varies in the ratio of population, and not in that of education and enlightenment. Is it worth while to fight for a great idea, and with vast pain and expenditure of energy and self-sacrifice to accelerate its diffusion one little hairbreadth, when, after all, it may never grow strong enough to affect the welfare of mankind? Ideas must grow, and for growth there must be soil, and there is as yet no such thing, but only sand. Enthusiasts waste their lives in preaching co-operation, and co-operation is good; but to be effective, it needs a lower class aware that self-sacrifice is essential to its success — and there is no such class. Why strive and toil, and, it may be perish, to advance a principle which after all may never be more than abstract? Is it not better, or even nobler, says the modern Archimedes, to become wise one's-self, but never apply wisdom, to study the lever, but never build a catapult, to play the part of the intellectual Sadducee, seeing the wrong and the right and commenting thereon, but otherwise well content to know that sugar is sweet, and that one has sugar? Or better still, to do all that, and also what little good comes to hand easily, and leave principles to take of themselves; punish the beadle who starves the pauper, but level no stroke at pauperism? Now, as

ever, ideas seem "to the wise," that is to those who want results, a "stumbling-block," and "to the Greeks," that is to *Saturday Reviewers*, who want everything to conduct itself in a highly cultured way, mere "foolishness."

The advocates of this "philosophy of common sense" which after all is only utilitarianism degraded from a creed into an opinion, always seem to us to omit one great datum from their calculation. Souls always accrete themselves bodies of some kind, though not necessarily the fittest bodies. Great ideas do not always triumph only by percolation; if they did, enthusiasts might well despair, for no generation would ever witness the realization of its own greatest thoughts. The labour of sending a new thought requiring the assent of millions before it can be effective through those millions of hostile and unreceptive minds would daunt the imagination of the thinkers of to-day, as it did those of the same class in the century before Christ, and again during the Renaissance. Individuals dislike planting oaks till the only oaks planted in Europe for timber are those planted by States, or by nobles who expect their families to endure like States. Let posterity judge, is the wish of the dreamer, rarely that of the man intent on diffusing a real idea. He wants to see it succeed, and, if he cannot see it, turns aside, as Comte did, to plunge into himself till he becomes a mere dreamer of dreams. Fortunately for mankind, the first property of an idea, that is of a thought with fructifying power, a thought for which men can be martyrs, is to accrete to itself weapons not its own, to use causes and dominate classes, and as it were *dye* acts, with all which it has little or no connection. The French idea of equality won its way not by percolation, but because there was in the France of 1789 no road to justice and physical comfort but through it. The idea of Free Trade by itself would never have won the battle, for the English masses are not free-traders yet, but it drew to itself the desire for cheaper food, and so used the "big loaf" as to come out triumphant. It will be triumphant in America, when it has found a similar weapon, and all who support it assist the day when the search for such a weapon shall be successful. We remember reading once an account in an American magazine, how far accurate we know not, of the way in which education triumphed in Rhode Island. The rulers there, middle-class, well-to-do men, would not have the idea, declared it expensive and visionary, fought it on the ground of economy, suc-

ceeded year after in preventing its taking to itself a body in the shape of a legislative Act. The suffrage, however, was wide, and one fine morning Rhode Island found itself in presence of an imminent agrarian law. The idea had found its weapon, opposition died instantly away, and the common schools of Rhode Island are amongst the best in the Union. The truth would seem to be that conviction, or as most men following an Oriental model call it, faith, is in itself power, and that a minority once fully imbued with a principle can and does lead a majority anxious for something very different, but convinced against their will, or rather with their will and against their prejudices. Conviction gives the power to convince, and as we see every day in theological life and the life of scientific enthusiasts, faith is an effluent power as much as fire or electricity, or many other of the physical forces. Even inferior men, once possessed of it, can dominate superior men, and those who are not statesmen can lead masses, who are seeking far different results, direct to the one the enthusiasts have desired.

The recent illustration is, we believe, the most wonderful, or at least the most visible, yet recorded. On the 19th December Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, announced officially that the constitutional amendments abolishing slavery and enabling Congress to make that abolition effectual, had been signed by twenty-seven States, and had consequently become part of the Federal Constitution. It is not yet six years since John Brown died on the gallows, saying, "God sees that I am of more use to hang than for any other earthly purpose." He was the first abolitionist who died fighting the slave power, and in his death was one more illustration of the "worn out" truth that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. It is impossible to conceive a cause more triumphant than that of slavery was when that old man, after kissing the negro child — thick-lipped child, with yellow whites to its eyes — walked quietly up to the gallows surrounded by an execrating soldiery. The institution, fenced in by the active love of eight millions who could slay or be slain for it, by the reverence of twenty millions more, who when the national existence was in question hardly dared to touch it, by the silent respect of probably five-sixths of the rulers of earth, who felt slavery an outpost of their own dominion, seemed beyond all human attack. The most sanguine dreamer only hoped that time and

civilization might in their slow development gradually ameliorate the curse. The "wise" defended it, the "Greeks," — always wiser than the wise, as the *Saturday Review* is wiser than the *Record*, — thought John Brown's attempt a foolish waste of life, and yet as the fanatic body gave up its soul, slavery, to end which John Brown had given his body and offered his soul, died too. In all history nothing is more certain than that from John Brown's "mad" attempt sprang secession. "These men, then, can fight," said the South, "can die for their wild fanaticism, are not cowards, but madmen;" and from that moment, as Calhoun had prophesied, the South saw in separation the only chance for its beloved institution. It seceded, and the "idea" so long contemned, and derided, and despised, leaped up armed. Its advocates, by no means able men as a rule, were still the only men who saw, what the statesmen could not see, that in slavery was the root of the evil, that it or the Union must die, that in it lay the death warrant of Republican institutions. Alone decided amidst the rushing crowd, these men were always foremost, and always therefore guided the else vacillating rush. Reluctantly, defiantly almost, another idea, the thirst for empire, always armed and always ready for battle, placed its armies at the disposal of a nobler thought, and to secure a geographical gain worked out a moral victory. A half convinced President proclaimed to a partly convinced army and an unconvinced people that he accepted an idea he had not made, that not because it stood condemned of God, not because it was in itself the sum and aggregate of all human wickedness, but because it was opposed to a glorious dream — the dream of a continent set apart for the peaceful progress of humanity — slavery should die. And he did die, die of hard blows, and blood shed, and brave men put to flight, and strong men sent to the gallows — Captain Gordon, *e. g.* — and all those things which are done only by power clothed in flesh and dressed in armour. The idea had become flesh, had dressed itself in armour, and struck — this abstract and lightly ungentlemanly thing, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* would say — terrible physical blows, as social equality has also struck, as religious freedom may strike, as democracy, one of the grandest, if one of the most imperfect ideas which ever visited man, will yet strike, at recalcitrant power. In 1859 abolition was John Brown. In 1865 it was John Brown followed by a million of armed and drilled Anglo-Saxons, intent doubtless on many ends, but fulfilling in their own

despite always the end that to John Brown was living, when as he walked—slightly slouching, possibly—to the gallows he kissed that thick-lipped child.

And so it will always be. It is hard even for trained thinkers intent upon their work to explain precisely why a true idea always wins—except indeed by saying what to-day is an argument only with the *Record*, and the *Record's* bitterest antagonist, that the Judge of all the earth can do only right, and that He is irresistible—but the fact remains. Great ideas have strength. Let the strongest man in Europe try a fall with the Emperor Napoléon and he will be beaten, will possibly end his days in rowing a boat under the lash through the bayous of Cayenne. Nevertheless, as sure as the idea of freedom is higher than the idea of authority, so surely will Napoleonism pass away, leaving only the trace a beacon light leaves when it flashes on a quagmire or a rock. Nothing on earth at this moment seems so invincible as English pauperism. It is protected by the faith of the strongest people that ever lived, by the impregnable earth wall of human ignorance, by a wretched perversion of the words of the Son of God, and it will fall nevertheless, fall till its defence will seem, not to our "sons" or our posterity, but to us, a momentary aberration which volumes will be written to explain. Ideas are stronger than armies, for they can not only produce armies, as the idea which led to the Crusades did, but they can borrow armies, as the idea which produced Abolition did, and as the idea which demands justice in Jamaica will do. These good Tories think they will have a majority upon that question, which is really an "idea,"—the right of the British subject with pigment in his cuticle to the same measure as the British subject without pigment—and their view, though an improbable one, is of course a possible one. What then? The Sadducees may say the true policy is to see that the people of Jamaica are oppressed, and be silent lest there should be a fuss about it, and uncultivated people say things pleasing to the Almighty but not to Oxford, and the Sadducees will be for their ends in the right. And the idea will march on nevertheless, till it meets some day, and at no long day, the flesh, beautiful or hideous, which will clothe it with the required physical power, and the Sadducee will cower first of all, and acknowledge, "Lo! here is Truth armed." Fighting her is not my business, but concession. Why fight with expediences which have become strong? Whence the flesh is to come we

know not, possibly from some low greed for gain which only the negro can secure to us, but come it will at last, and then the idea clothed and visible will rule with the tyrannical sway all Anglo-Saxon ideas assume. Meanwhile it is well for the few who have not lost the capacity for intellectual faith to march on, carrying their idea over an ever widening range until at last the body is found, careless of those who satirize them as fanatics, dangerous to those who denounce them as evil men, firm even against those who, seeing as clearly as themselves, will lend no hand to help because the workmen reek so with their toil. Was ever enthusiast yet so silly as he who first put a seed into the ground and expected the rotten mite to grow?

From the Saturday Review.

THE GOVERNMENT OF COLOURED RACES IN COLONIES.

PERHAPS nothing so much illustrates the careless hand-to-mouth state of political opinion in England as the utter ignorance of two-thirds of the people, and the utter indifference of nearly the whole other third, as to the principles on which alien and dissimilar races ought to be governed. Whoever at any time thinks at all on the subject of civil government must think on this. But the fact is that, in England, very few people ever do think of the theory of government. We pride ourselves on our "practical" character and habits. We rejoice that we are not as other nations are, theorists and formalists. We have shaped, rather than designed, a form of government which altogether suits our disposition and our wants, but which is so full of modifications, inconsistencies, checks and counter-checks, that we should wholly despair of making it intelligible to an enlightened citizen of those nations which rejoice in the elaborate enunciation of first principles, and the rigid formularies of codified constitutions. We do not care very much about first principles. We fashion for ourselves a Parliament and Government, and refashion them as we feel the need of change. But we leave to a select few, whether natives or foreigners, the duty of explaining, criticizing, and formalizing what we have done.

This so-called "practical" character of our minds has made most of us wholly in-

different, if not blind, to one of the greatest problems which can puzzle the ingenuity of statesmen. For certainly no question can well be more puzzling than this:—"How ought subject alien races to be governed?" Even when the unexpected flash of a Jamaica rebellion or tumult startles us, we fail to recognize in the event a symptom which we ought long since to have studied and examined. We had a graver warning in the Indian mutiny; smaller ones in disturbances at St. Vincent's and Antigua. The Indian mutiny was put down, but it flared long enough to startle the whole of England with its unwonted blaze. The riots at St. Vincent's and Antigua were also put down, though not in a very satisfactory or honourable way; for the one required the intervention of French troops, and the other left vestiges of greater alarm on the minds of those who had been assailed than of those who disturbed the public peace. The final suppression of the first, and the comparative obscurity of the latter insurrections deadened inquiry and thought in England. "Practical" men took it for granted that, if such outbreaks did occur, some means would be found to put them down. So all concern was dissipated, men ceased to think on the subject, and its important bearings on the relations, not only of England, but of other European countries, to other multifarious races were soon lost sight of.

Yet, even in an age in which intelligent artisans allow themselves to be persuaded by a powerful demagogue that there was a time in the history of England when the right of voting for members of Parliament was possessed by all yearly tenants of houses (as that phrase is now understood), it may not be impossible to convince some persons that the question which we have propounded, even if difficult of solution, is worthy of consideration. To us, as a people, it is one of urgent importance. To others—for example, Holland, France, Spain, and the United States—it is only of less importance because their coloured and alien subjects are less numerous than ours. But it is important to all Europe and to the European races in North America, because both Europe and America will, every succeeding year, have greater intercourse with this motley herd of dissimilar populations. In England we see little of these races. A Lascar at a crossing, an old negro servant preserved as a relic by an only half-ruined Jamaica family, are objects which excite occasional sympathy or liking or pity in the mind of the worldly Londoner. A negro

preacher or law student occasionally falls in our way; but it would hardly be accurate to say that either of these specimens is generally calculated to excite sympathy or liking beyond the unctuous pale of Exeter Hall. As a rule, English people out of London see little either of the Eastern or the African races. They do not know what it is to grow up with, and in close proximity to, a race of different origin, manners, thoughts, intellect, from themselves, and bearing on their bodies the strong ineradicable signs of this hereditary difference. Not only are the races different in all other characteristics, but they have the two signal marks of distinction—a distinct feature and a distinct colour. Of this contiguity of populations nothing is known in England, as it is known in the East Indies, in the West Indies, and the Southern States of the American Federation. But something distantly resembling it is known in our larger towns. There, mixed up with our own native artisans, is a large body of Irish immigrants—different indeed in race, lineament, and religion, but not different in colour or language. Such dissimilarity as does exist, though fruitful in small disputes, and inimical to fusion, does not prevent a general harmony of existence and occasional intermarriages. It gives, however, a peculiar, and perhaps not a desirable, character to the life of those districts in which the two races are found together. There is a great deal of Celtic impulse, of Celtic warmth, of Celtic mobility, and Celtic quickness, together with a certain degree of Celtic insincerity and want of truth, thrown, in casual and unadjusted proportions, into mixture with the dull stolid obstinacy of the lower Englishman. The result is not, on the whole, particularly pleasing. But then there is this to be remembered. Both the races thus brought together in frequent collision and only partial combination are of the lowest and poorest class. All the temptations and all the irritations of poverty are common to both. And the result could hardly be expected to be pleasing. When the Irish become disproportionately numerous (which they have a faculty of becoming), their characteristics give a decided tone and colour to the suburb or district. What that tone and that colour are, magistrates, vestry-men, and parish officers can best define. Whatever they are (and they are not unmixedly bad) they illustrate—partially, indeed, imperfectly, and suggestively—what it is to deal with a whole population of which not one-half or two thirds, but eight or nine-tenths,

are as dissimilar and as alien from the governing race as the great Author of mankind can make his creatures.

Does it ever occur to mere loungers in a London club, laying down the law with a positiveness of assertion that makes men of experience and knowledge dumb with amazement, that there are not only inherent but increasing difficulties in the way of governing these dusky populations? That such is the case will be testified by every Englishman who returns from official, professional, or commercial life in India or the West Indies. It is natural that the feeling of nationality, and the desire of vindicating it, should in every people be intensified and exasperated by the presence of another, and that a dominant race; and we must not be surprised if the mixed races who make up the population of British India—Hindoos, Mussulmans, and what not—should gradually learn from the incumbent sway of England the dreamy notion of a united Indian People. It may take generations to give the vision body and form; but whether it ever will—or will within any assignable period of time—become a reality, depends, according to all trustworthy accounts, much more upon Englishmen, English officers civil and military, and English residents, than on the natives themselves. "As long as we prove ourselves worthy to govern and capable of governing so long shall we continue to govern. From the moment we betray the slightest consciousness of incapacity, from that moment our raj is doomed." Such is the testimony of those who know India best and longest. And what they mean is this:—

In order to govern an Eastern people, you must not shirk the outward and visible signs of governing. You must not appear to fear them, or to fear anything. You must not allow the people to take liberties with you. You must not allow them to jostle you in the streets, as they now do in Bombay. You must assert your authority in ways which might be thought strange in England. "If," say they, "you treat a Bombay man or a Bengalee as you would treat an Englishman of the lower class, you do not conciliate him; you simply affront his pride. You are of the governing race; yet you allow him to push and jostle you as he would push or jostle some wretched Pariah. He knows you do not permit this through pure affection. Therefore, he infers, you do it through fear. That simple suspicion of fear on your part is a loss equal to the loss of a great battle. It destroys the feeling of veneration, which is an

instinct of the Oriental. It saps the innate submissiveness of the natives, and stimulates a rebellious contempt which one day may be fatal."

This doctrine, if it has some followers, has many opponents in England. All the religious world is opposed to it. It is apparently opposed to the teaching of the Gospel. It is not readily reconcilable with those texts which inculcate humility, long-suffering, and turning the cheek to the smiter. But, if this be so, and if India can not be retained by a precise adhesion to the most pacific texts of the New Testament, some rather embarrassing questions present themselves. If India were Christian—that is, if the people of India admitted the obligation of Christian precepts—of course every English officer of every kind might be expected to deal with them as he would deal with his own countrymen at home. But not only is this not the case now, but there seems no chance of its ever being the case. There are, and probably will continue to be, conversions, more or less genuine, to Christianity all over the peninsula. But to suppose that the mass of the Mussulman and Hindoo population will ever profess Christianity of the English Protestant type is simply one of those expectations on which no statesman would ever think of acting. And so long as they remain Mussulmans or Hindoos, so long will their awe and obedience be ensured by those virtues on the part of their masters which, though co-existent with many Christian qualities, are not themselves specially and eminently typical of the Christian character. To hold out-numbering foes at bay, to preserve a haughty and imperious demeanour amid treacherous and rebellious subjects, to forego not one jot of merited severity even when all around is ominous of danger and perfidy, these are the virtues which awe the Eastern mind; but they are not the virtues most specially inculcated in the Epistles of St. James or St. John. And we fear that those virtues which are most specially enjoined by the last-named Apostle are signally calculated to excite in the Eastern mind feelings as opposed as well can be to awe, reverence, and submission.

With regard to the negroes, a superficial contrast is established between them and the natives of India by the readiness with which the former have learned to profess Christianity. It must be remembered that the negroes who are known to us as Christians had no choice but between Christianity and Paganism. No other religion, at the time of their conversion, was known to

them. At this day it is an open question whether Mahometanism, whenever it does compete with Christianity in Central and even in Western Africa, does not compete successfully. Certainly the superior tribes, the more warlike races — those of whom, because they are the more warlike, we see the least in our own colonies — are for the most part Mahometans. These men will die rather than be sold as slaves. Our own negroes became Christians after they had become slaves. And there was much in the Christianity popularly taught by the missionaries to the negroes which was likely to engage the sympathies of the latter. Compassionateness and long-suffering were qualities calculated to gain the hearts of men living in bondage. Subsequently, after the days of bondage, the negro found particular attractions in the doctrines which his Baptist teachers love to dwell on, without qualification or limitation — namely, the equality of all men; the duty of calling no man "master;" in fine, all those doctrines which are generally known as those of Christian socialism. Preached to men endowed with no power of reflection, but gifted with an amount of self-conceit which no other race of human beings ever possessed, and with a love of lazy devotion, they naturally inflated their self-importance until it broke down the barriers of ancient customs, manners, and feelings. The negro, civilly free and religiously exalted, began, like all other races, to dream of a nationality for his own colour. He was the equal of the white man. Why should he work for the white man? Why should he be governed by the white man? Such, we are informed on good authority, are the questions with which the negroes of our West India colonies season their social gatherings. Neither identity of language nor identity of creed has broken down the barrier between the white race and the black race. Both have made the negroes fanatical democrats of the socialist type. Though speaking the same tongue and living under the same laws, they have very few sympathies with white men. The black man craves an equality which the white man will not concede. The white man avows a superiority which the modern negro will not admit. The gulf widens deeper between them every day. A strong external power keeps the two elements together. It compels them in appearance to maintain a genuine harmony. In truth, it only compels them to keep a long truce. But how long will this truce last? And is this government? Can any sort of recognised polity be said to exist where two dis-

similar races, of the most opposite natures, are kept from flying at one another only by a Power three thousand miles away? And that they cannot be so kept apart forever, this Jamaica outbreak shows.

Many persons who speak with a personal knowledge of the West Indies say that events have long been moving up to this catastrophe; that it was long foreseen; that it was a mere question of sooner or later; that the conflict was simply postponed by tact and management; and that it will again be repeated at no distant day. We have not experience or knowledge sufficient to affirm or deny these allegations. But we feel assured of this. If there is any truth in them, two things are clear. First, that there can be no public opinion in the West Indies; only heated passion in two hostile camps. Next, that to attempt to govern the West Indies on the principles of Exeter Hall would be as unfair to our white brethren as to govern them on the principles of Colonel Hobbs, Colonel Whitfield, and the West India ensigns would be cruel to our black subjects. Who shall discover the true art of governing the two races? The French treat their free blacks as aliens, amenable to police protection and police supervision. But this cannot now be even tried in English colonies. Such are the fruits of a government founded on a public opinion of the narrowest metropolitan pretensions. The two races are becoming intolerant of each other, and there is no powerful dispassionate mediator between them possessing the requisite knowledge of local habits, relations, and prejudices.

From the Reader.

BELGIUM BONE CAVES.

THE explorations of the Belgian bone caves, which have been carried on for some time past by MM. Van Beneden and Dupont, have been referred to several times in the pages of *THE READER*. We have now to lay before our readers an account of the progress of the work up to the end of November last, and for this purpose we make use of a report recently presented by M. Dupont to the Belgian Minister of the Interior. We may premise that all the bone caves in this locality furnish indisputable evidence of one fact — viz., that the cave-dwellers were destroyed by a sudden inun-

dation, which covered the whole of Belgium and the North of France, the evidences of which M. Dupont finds in the *limon* of Hesbaye and the yellow clay of the fields, and in the peculiar arrangement of the *débris* in the caverns. The cave at present under examination was discovered in May last, and is situated on the banks of the river Lesse, opposite the hamlet of Chaleux, about a mile and a half from the well-known Furfooz cave.

At an epoch long before that of its habitation by man, this cavern was traversed by a thermal spring. It is well lighted, is easy of access, and its situation is most picturesque. The number of objects found in this cave is enormous, and would appear to point to an extended period of occupation by these primitive people. The *grand trou de Chaleux*, as M. Van Beneden has proposed to call it, has also been subjected to the inundation, but the contents have been preserved almost intact, and this circumstance gives a value to the discoveries which was to some extent wanting in the Furfooz caves. According to M. Dupont's theory, the former inhabitants of the cave, warned by the dangerous cracks in the walls and ceiling, suddenly abandoned their dwelling-place, leaving behind them their tools, ornaments, and the remains of their meals. Soon afterwards the roof and sides fell in, and the pieces thus detached covered the floor. In this manner the remains have been preserved from the action of the waters, and have remained undisturbed until the present day. The unfortunate inhabitants doubtless saw in this occurrence the manifestation of a superior power, since the cavern does not appear to have been inhabited after this period, only a few worked flints and bones, probably the result of an occasional visit, having been discovered on the upper surface of the cavern.

An important point seems to be established by M. Dupont's researches—viz., the extended commercial relations of these primitive peoples. The flint which was used for the manufacture of their implements is not that of Belgium, but, according to M. de Mortillet, was brought from Touraine. Several specimens of fossil shells, most of which had been perforated, probably for the purpose of being strung together, and worn as ornaments, were collected, and were submitted to M. Nyst, the well-known palæontologist. He recognized most of them as belonging to the *calcaire grossier* of Courtaillon, near Rheims. Two species belonged to the department of Seine-et-Oise. Some fragments of

jet and a few sharks' teeth were from the same locality. "We cannot therefore deny," says M. Dupont, "the relations of these men with Champagne, whilst there is no evidence to show their connexion with Hainaut and the province of Liège, which could have also furnished them with their flint."

Amongst other objects brought to light during the excavations was the forearm of an elephant, which appears to be that of the mammoth of Siberia, an animal which did not exist in Belgium at that epoch. "When we reflect that, till within a comparatively short time, these bones were looked upon as those of a race of giants, and gifted with miraculous powers, we cannot be surprised that our inhabitants of the caverns of the Lesse, whose civilization may be compared to that of those African nations who are sunk in the darkest depths of fetichism, attributed similar properties to those enormous bones which were placed as a fetich near their hearth."

Judging from the quantity of bones found in the cavern, the principal food of these cave-dwellers was the flesh of the horse. M. Dupont collected 937 molar teeth belonging to this animal, a number which corresponds to about forty heads, supposing each set of teeth to be complete. The marrow seems to have been in great request, all the long bones having been broken, so as to extract it. Most of them retain traces of incisions made by their flint tools. The large number of bones of water rats would also lead us to suppose that they formed a part of the food of these people, as did the badger, hair, and boar.

The number of objects obtained from this cavern is greater than that obtained from the whole of the caves previously explored. Of worked flints, in various stages of manufacture, 30,000 were collected. Besides these, M. Dupont obtained several cubic metres of bones of all kinds, the horses' teeth already mentioned, and a vast quantity of miscellaneous articles.

The facts acquired by the excavations at Chaleux, combined with those obtained at the Furfooz caves, form a striking picture of the early ages of man in Belgium. "These ancient people and their customs re-appear, after having been forgotten for thousands of years, and like the fabulous bird in whose ashes are found the germs of a new life, antiquity becomes regenerated from its own *débris*. We see them in their dark, subterranean dwellings surrounding the hearth, which is protected by the supernatural power of immense fantastically-

shaped bones, engaged in patiently making their flint tools and utensils of reindeer horn, in the midst of pestilential emanations from the animal remains, which their indifference allowed them to retain in their dwelling. The skins of wild beasts, having the hair removed, were stitched together by the aid of their sharpened flints and ivory needles, and served as clothing. We see them pursuing wild animals armed with arrows and lances tipped with a barb of flint. We take part in their feasts, where a horse, bear, or reindeer, replaces, on days when their hunting has been successful, the tainted flesh of the rat, their only resource against famine. Their trading extended as far as the regions now forming part of France, from whose inhabitants they obtained shells, jet, with which they delight to ornament themselves, and the flint which is so valuable to them. But a falling-in of the roof drives them from their principal dwelling, in which lie buried the objects of their faith and their domestic utensils, and they are forced to seek another habitation.

. . . We know nothing certain of the relation of these people with those of earlier times. Had they ancestors in this country? The great discoveries of our illustrious compatriot Schmerling, and those which Professor Malaise has made at Enghien, seem to prove that the men whose traces I have brought to light on the Lesse did not belong to the indigenous races of Belgium, but were the only successors of the more ancient population. I have even met with certain evidences of our primordial ancestors at Chaleux, but the trail was lost as soon as found. Our knowledge of these ancestors stops short at this point."

We have given in the above abstract an account of the most important features in M. Dupont's report, which is of great interest. We trust that these explorations, which have been carried on at the expense of the Government, will be continued.

From the *Commercial Gazette*, St. Louis, Mauritius,
21 Nov., 1863.

THE DODO.

WE presume that most of our readers have seen the picture of an odd-looking bird, bearing a very odd name — the Dodo. Old travellers state that this curious creature once existed in great numbers in Mauritius. It was about the height of a large turkey, but very much more bulky, weigh-

ing fifty pounds, or more. This unwieldy bird was mounted on stout dumpy legs, and its wings were mere rudiments of those organs, so that it is not likely it ever made any attempt at flight. Its head was large, with a long and very stout beak, curved at the tip like that of the petrel. It is represented as destitute of a tail, properly speaking, but furnished with a plume of curling feathers, somewhat like those of the ostrich, on the hinder part of the back. Several good paintings of this bird, by Dutch artists, are in existence: one in the British Museum, one at the Hague, another at Berlin, and another at Vienna. Mention is also made of the exhibition of a living specimen in London, about 1640. But notwithstanding all these evidences of the existence of such a bird, the fact would have been doubted, had not some remains of it confirmed its truth. These remains were but very few. A head in the Museum at Copenhagen, a head and a foot in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and a foot in the British Museum, attested that a bird unlike any known existing species, and resembling, in some degree, the paintings mentioned, had actually furnished those remains, and been the subject from which the portraits were taken. Several of the early voyagers who visited the island now called Mauritius spoke of these birds, and not only feasted on their flesh during their sojourn there, but salted them in numbers for their sea-stock. It is stated that they sometimes took as many as forty of them at a single hunt. Neither tradition nor history records their existence in this island after it had received the name of l'Isle de France. If the Dutch, on abandoning the island, left any there, they were probably exterminated by the Maroons, who were its only inhabitants till the French settled there. No naturalist formed part of the crews of the various ships which touched here during the existence of the Dodo, and the accounts given of it are vague and unsatisfactory. Tastes must not be disputed; and we may therefore receive as of equal value the accounts of those who extol and those who decry the flesh of the Dodo. The difference between an old gander and a Michaelmas gosling is sufficient to prove that both may have been right in their statements.

After the island had resumed its name, Mauritius, diligent inquiry was made both as to the traditional existence of the Dodo, or of the actual existence of any remains of it; but both were alike fruitless, though distinguished naturalists, both Creole and European, undertook the search. So great

was the interest in the history of this non-descript bird, that about twenty years ago, a large volume, compiled with vast labor, and illustrated with elaborately-executed engravings, was published on it by Mr. Strickland; and this volume was the means of assuring Mr. Clark that the bones he has lately discovered were really and truly those of the Mauritian Dodo, *Didus ineptus*.

Mr. Clark, during a very long residence here, had made many inquiries and researches, in order to learn something more about the Dodo than was already known generally, or to find some remnants of it, but without success.

On Dr. Ayres's last visit to Mahébourg he conversed with Mr. Clark about the Dodo, and asked whether by digging round the ruins of the old Dutch settlement, there might not be a chance of meeting with some remains? Mr. Clark did not see any probability of success in that quarter, as these dwellings were situated on a spot where nothing would be likely to bury itself in the earth, of which the surface is every year swept completely by the water which flows from the mountains; but he said he thought a likely spot to contain such remains would be alluvial deposits. A few days after, Mr. Clark remarked that some marshes in the vicinity of Mahébourg were likely to furnish these coveted remains; but having neither time nor means at his disposal, he did not undertake the search, though bearing in mind his impression on the subject. The commencement of the railway works, with their numerous cuttings at various heights, gave hopes to Mr. Clark that some remains might be discovered; but his inquiries from those employed there on this subject failed to elicit any information.

About two months ago, Mr. Gaston de Bissy caused to be dug from a marsh on his property, known as "La Mare aux Songes," the alluvium contained in it, to use as manure. After digging two or three feet, the men came in contact with bones of tortoises and deer, the former in vast numbers. As soon as Mr. Clark heard of this, he went to Mr. de Bissy and stated to him what had long been his opinion as to the position in which Dodos' bones might be found, requesting him to give orders to the diggers to lay by carefully whatever bones they might turn up. Mr. de Bissy was much pleased with the chance of making so interesting a discovery, and at once ordered that Mr. Clark's request should be fulfilled. Mr. Clark visited the estate many times, but without obtaining any satisfactory intelligence. He at length engaged two

men to enter the dark-colored water, about three feet deep, and feel in the soft mud at the bottom with their feet. In a short time he had the inexpressible satisfaction of finding a broken tarsus, an entire tibia and part of another. He at once commenced operations in earnest, and has been fortunate enough to find every important bone of that remarkable bird, including cranium, upper and lower mandibles of bill, cervical and dorsal vertebrae, ribs, coracoid bones, scapulae and clavicle, sternum, humerus, ulna, pelvis, femur, tibia and tarsometatarsus, so that an experienced person can well build a Dodo from these remains, the toes being the only part wanting.

The skull of this bird is of amazing thickness, and the cerebral cavity very small. The beak of great strength and solidity, as are the condyles of the lower mandible. Some of the cervical vertebrae are more than two inches in diameter, and of very elaborate structure. The sternum, of which the form shows a strong resemblance to that of the pigeon tribe, in some specimens is more than five inches wide and seven long. The keel is a quarter of an inch thick, and about an inch deep in the deepest part, which is at the centre; and the sternum is there three-quarters of an inch in thickness, but it thins off to a sharp edge at the margin. The humerus is less than four inches in length, and the shaft only about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and the ulna under three inches, and less than a quarter of an inch in thickness. Some femurs are nearly seven inches long and more than an inch in diameter, the tibiae nine inches long, and the upper condyles two inches in diameter. The tarsometatarsi are of very solid bone, and have been found in greater numbers than any others. They are about the length of those of a good-sized turkey, but more than twice the thickness. Only two or three craniums have been found, with a few fragments. The paucity of these remains, as compared with other parts of the frame, may very possibly arise from the numerous apertures in the head, into which roots insinuate themselves, thus disintegrating the structure. The upper mandible of the bill has suffered from the same cause, and only two tolerably perfect specimens of that organ have been obtained, while the under mandibles are numerous; but only three or four have been found in which both rami remained attached. The tip of one upper mandible is two inches in depth, and an inch in thickness. The vertebrae are very strong, and show that the spinal cord was fully double the size of that of the turkey.

In only one instance has the presence of a fragment of the furcula been found attached to the coracoid bone, but several have the scapula united to them.

These bones present a great diversity of colours. Those which were found near the springs in the marsh are nearly of their original hue. Some found alongside of a large bois-denatte tree were nearly of the colour of that wood, and many others are nearly as black as ebony.

The quantity of tortoise bones found here is truly astonishing; they would more than fill a large cart. Some of the femurs are more than three inches in diameter. Mr. Clark believes that these bones belong to two species of tortoise.

Several flamingo bones, including humerus, ulna, radius, tibia and tarsometatarsus, have been found, but not a single femur. Two upper mandibles and one lower of that singularly formed bird prove the identity of other bones found in juxtaposition with them.

Bones of the egret curlew, moor-hen and sand-lark have been found in great numbers, and many deer's bones, including a skull with horns attached, and the jaw of an old sow, of great strength but very small size, have also been turned up.

It is remarkable that the bones of the tortoises and deer were found in the com-

paratively compact peaty soil, overlying the soft mud which contains the bones of the dodo, of which none are found in the upper stratum. This accounts for none of the latter having been discovered by those who were digging for manure.

Mr. Clark deposited the first specimens of dodo's bones he obtained in the Museum at the Royal College, as well as those of the flamingo, the existence of which in Mauritius was remembered by the parents of persons now living. He has also sent a complete set of dodo's bones to Professor Owen, for the British Museum.

It is probable that a search in marshes of this nature in Reunion and Rodrigues, might lead to the discovery of remains of the large extinct birds believed to have been indigenous in and peculiar to those islands.

"La Mare aux Sonehs" is a spot singularly propitious for the haunt of the animals of which the bones have been found there. A sheltered glen, clothed with thick wood in the memory of persons still living, with two springs in it, and so near the sea as to be a convenient refuge in stormy weather for flamingoes and curlews.

Several other marshes have been tried for such remains as those contained in it, but thus far without any success.

FITZ-DANDO'S LAMENT.

YE good bivalves, ye savoury molluscs,
Ye living titbits, born of Ocean's mud,
Still toothsome when Time's hand hath drawn
our tusks,

Regenerators bland of aged blood:
I gaze on ye in fish-shops with such eye
As might poor swain view lofty maiden's
brow.

O lovely, but alas for me too high!
Three halfpence each — so much are natives
now!

Ye oysters, how is it you've grown so dear,
In price ascending ever more and more,
Up up aloft as year rolls after year?
Scarce are ye now, so plentiful of yore?
An oyster famine! What's the cause of that?
Of ocean foes some sages talk to me
That prey upon you and devour your spat,
Of stormy waves that wash it out to sea.

They tell me how you perish, left to freeze
In rigorous winter by an ebbing tide,
But you had always chances such as these,
When ye were cheap and common, to abide.

It is but in relation that you've grown
Less numerous, not absolutely few;
There are more mouths that gape — alas! my
own
But waters — now than once there were for
you.

For you, but not for you alone; for meat,
And all besides that smokes upon the board;
Fish, fowl, eggs, butter too; things good to
eat
Exceed what moderate incomes can afford.
Increase of population must be fed;
Our numbers with prosperity extend:
Where, if we keep on going thus ahead,
Will this prosperity, ye oysters, end?

Will ye become as costly as the pearls
Torn by the diver from your kind, a prey
To decorate the brows of splendid girls?
And girls, oh how expensive, too, are they!
Ah, no more natives for the frugal swain,
No possibility of married life!
Oysters are for the rich — and he's insane
Who, rolling not in riches, takes a wife.

— Punch.

PART IX. — CHAPTER XXXII.

MORNING AT THE PRIORY.

SEWELL was awoke from a sound and heavy sleep by the Chief Baron's valet asking if it was his pleasure to see his lordship before he went down to Court, in which case there was not much time to be lost.

"How soon does he go?" asked Sewell, curtly.

"He likes to be on the Bench by eleven exactly, sir, and he has always some business in Chamber first."

"All that tells me nothing," my good friend. "How much time have I now to catch him before he starts?"

"Half an hour, sir. Forty minutes at most."

"Well, I'll try and do it. Say I'm in my bath, and that I'll be with him immediately."

The man was not well out of the room when Sewell burst out into a torrent of abuse of the old Judge and his ways—

"His inordinate vanity, his consummate conceit, to imagine that any activity of an old worn-out intellect like his could be of service to the public! If he knew but all, he is just as useful in his nightcap as in his wig, and it would be fully as dignified to sleep in his bed as in the Court of Exchequer." While he poured forth this invective, he dressed himself with all possible haste; indeed his ill-temper stimulated his alacrity, and he very soon issued from his room, trying to compose his features into a semblance of pleasure on meeting with his host.

"I hope and trust I have not disturbed you unreasonably," said the Judge, rising from the breakfast-table as Sewell entered. "I know you arrived very late, and I'd have given you a longer sleep if it were in my power."

"An old soldier, my lord, knows how to manage with very little. I am only sorry if I have kept you waiting."

"No man ever kept me waiting, sir. It is a slight I have yet to experience."

"I mean, my lord, it would have grieved me much, had I occasioned you an inconvenience."

"If you had, sir, it might have reacted injuriously upon yourself."

Sewell bowed submissively, for what he knew not; but he surmised that as there was an opening for regret, there might also be a reason for gratitude; he waited to see if he were right.

"My telegram only told you that I wanted you; it could not say for what," continued

the Judge, and his voice still retained the metallic ring the late irritation had lent it. "There has been a contested question between the Crown and myself as to the patronage to an office in my Court. I have carried my point. They have yielded. They would have me believe that they have submitted out of deference to myself personally, my age, and long services. I know better, sir. They have taken the opinion of the Solicitor-General in England, who, with no flattering sentiments to what is called 'Irish law,' has pronounced against them. The gift of the office rests with me, and it is my intention to confer it upon you."

"Oh, my lord, I have no words to express my gratitude!"

"Very well, sir, it shall be assumed to have been expressed. The salary is one thousand a-year. The duties are almost nominal."

"I was going to ask, my lord, whether my education and habits are such as would enable me to discharge these duties?"

"I respect your conscientious scruple, sir. It is creditable and commendable. Your mind may, however, be at ease. Your immediate predecessor passed the last thirteen years at Tours, in France, and there was never a complaint of official irregularity till, three years ago, when he came over to afford his substitute a brief leave of absence, he forgot to sign his name to certain documents—a mistake the less pardonable that his signature formed his whole and sole official drudgery."

It was on Sewell's lips to say, "that if he had not signed his name a little too frequently in life, his difficulties would not have been such as they now were."

"I am afraid I did not catch what you said, sir," said the Judge.

"I did not speak, my lord," replied he, bowing.

"You will see, therefore, sir, that the details of your official life need not deter you, although I have little doubt the Ministerial press will comment sharply upon your absence, if you give them the opportunity, and will reflect severely upon your unfitness if they can detect a flaw in you. Is there anything, therefore, in your former life to which these writers can refer—I will not say disparagingly—but unpleasantly?"

"I am not aware, my lord, of anything."

"Of course, sir, I could not mean what might impugn your honour or affect your fame. I spoke simply of what soldiers are, perhaps, more exposed to than civilians—the lighter scandals of society. You apprehend me?"

"I do, my lord; and I repeat that I have a very easy conscience on this score: for though I have filled some rather responsible stations at times, and been intrusted with high functions, all my tastes and habits have been so domestic and quiet—I have been so much more a man of home than a man of pleasure—that I have escaped even the common passing criticisms bestowed on people who are before the world."

"Is this man—this Sir Brook Fossbrooke—one likely to occasion you any trouble?"

"In the first place, my lord, he is out of the country, not very likely to return to it; and secondly, it is not in his power—not in any man's power—to make me a subject for attack."

"You are fortunate, sir; more fortunate than men who have served their country longer. It will scarcely be denied what I have contributed to the public service, and yet, sir, I have been arraigned before the bar of that insensate jury they call Public Opinion, and it is only in denying the jurisdiction I have deferred the trial."

Sewell responded to the vain-glorious outburst by a look of admiring wonder, and the Judge smiled a gracious acceptance of the tribute.

"I gather, therefore, sir, that you can accept this place without fear of what scandal or malignity may assail you by."

"Yes, my lord, I can say as much with confidence."

"It is necessary, sir, that I should be satisfied on this head. The very essence of the struggle between the Crown and myself is in the fact that my responsibility is pledged, my reputation is in bond for the integrity and the sufficiency of this officer, and I will not leave to some future biographer of the Irish Chief Barons of the Exchequer the task of apology for one who was certainly not the least eminent of the line."

"Your lordship's high character shall not suffer through me," said Sewell, bowing respectfully.

"The matter, then, is so far settled; perhaps, however, you would like to consult your wife? She might be averse to your leaving the army."

"No, my lord. She wishes—she has long wished it. We are both domestic in our tastes, and we have always been looking to the time when we could live more for each other, and devote ourselves to the education of our children."

"Commendable and praiseworthy," said the Judge, with a half grunt, as though he had heard something of this same domesticity and home-happiness, but that his own

experience scarcely corroborated the report. "There are certain steps you will have to take before leaving the service; it may, then, be better to defer your public nomination to this post till they be taken?"

This, which was said in question, Sewell answered at once, saying, "There need be no delay on this score, my lord; by this day week I shall be free."

"On this day week, then, you shall be duly sworn in. Now, there is another point—I throw it out simply as a suggestion—you will not receive it as more if you are indisposed to it. It may be some time before you can find a suitable house or be fully satisfied where to settle down. There is ample room here; one entire wing is unoccupied. May I beg to place it at your disposal?"

"Oh, my lord, this is really too much kindness. You overwhelm me with obligations. I have never heard of such generosity."

"Sir, it is not all generosity—I reckon much on the value of your society. Your companionable qualities are gifts I would secure by a 'retainer.'"

"In your society, my lord, the benefits would be all on my side."

"There was a time, sir—I may say it without boastfulness—men thought me an agreeable companion. The three Chiefs, as we were called from our separate Courts, were reputed to be able talkers. I am the sole survivor; and it would be a gain to those who care to look back on the really great days of Ireland, if some record should remain of a time when there were giants in the land. I have myself some very curious materials—masses of letters and such like—which we may turn over some winter's evening together."

Sewell professed his delight at such a prospect, and the Judge then suddenly bethinking himself of the hour—it was already nigh eleven—arose. "Can I set you down anywhere? are you for town?" asked he.

"Yes, my lord; I was about to pay my mother a visit."

"I'll drop you there; perhaps you would convey a message from me, and say how grateful I should feel if she would give us her company at dinner—say seven o'clock. I will just step up to say good-bye to my grand-daughter, and be with you immediately."

Sewell had not time to bethink him of all the strange events which a few minutes had grouped around him, when the Chief Baron appeared, and they drove off.

As they drove along, their converse was most agreeable. Sewell's attentive manner was an admirable stimulant, and the old Judge was actually sorry to lose his companion, as the carriage stopped at Lady Lendrick's door.

"What on earth brought you up, Dudley?" said she, as he entered the room where she sat at breakfast.

"Let me have something to eat, and I'll tell you," said he, seating himself at table, and drawing towards him a dish of cutlets. "You may imagine what an appetite I have, when I tell you whose guest I am."

"Whose?"

"Your husband's."

"You! at the Priory! and how came that to pass?"

"I told you already I must eat before I talk. When I got down stairs this morning I found the old man just finishing his breakfast, and instead of asking me to join him, he entertained me with the siege of Derry, and some choice anecdotes of Lord Bristol and 'the Volunteers.' This coffee is cold."

"Ring and they'll bring you some."

"If I am to take him as a type of Irish hospitality as well as Irish agreeability, I must say I get rid of two delusions together."

"There's the coffee. Will you have eggs?"

"Yes, and a rasher along with them. You can afford to be liberal with the larder, mother, for I bring you an invitation to dine."

"At the Priory?"

"Yes; he said seven o'clock."

"Who dines there?"

"Himself and his grand-daughter and I make the company, I believe."

"Then I shall not go. I never do go when there's not a party."

"He's safer, I suppose, before people?"

"Just so. I could not trust to his temper under the temptation of a family circle. But what brought you to town?"

"He sent for me by telegraph — just, too, when I had the whole county with me, and was booked to ride a match I had made with immense trouble. I got his message — 'Come up immediately.' There was not the slightest reason for haste, nor for the telegraph at all. The whole could have been done by letter, and replied to at leisure, besides."

"What was it then?"

"It is a place he has given me — a registration of something in his Court, that he has been fighting the Castle people about for eighteen years, and to which, heaven knows if he has the right of appointment this minute."

"What's it worth?"

"A thousand a-year net. There were pickings — at least the last man made a good thing of them — but there are to be no more. We are to inaugurate, as the newspapers say, a reign of integrity and incorruptibility."

"So much the better."

"So much the worse," say I. "My motto is, Full batta and plenty of loot; and it's every man's motto, only that every man is not honest enough to own it."

"And when are you to enter upon the duties of your office?"

"Immediately. I'm to be sworn in — there's an oath, it seems — this day week, and we're to take up our abode at the Priory till we find a house to suit us."

"At the Priory?"

"Yes. May I light a cigarette, mother? only one. He gave the invitation most royally. A whole wing is to be at our disposal. He said nothing about the cook or the wine-cellar, and these are the very ingredients I want to secure."

She shook her head dubiously, but made no answer.

"You don't think, then, that he meant to have us as his guests?"

"I think it unlikely."

"How shall I find out? It's quite certain I'll not go live under his roof — which means his surveillance — without an adequate compensation. I'll only consent to being bored by being fed."

"House-rent is something, however."

"Yes, mother, but not everything. That old man would be inquiring who dined with me, how late he stayed, who came to supper, and what they did afterwards. Now, if he take the whole charge of us, I'll put up with a great deal, because I could manage a little '*pied à terre*' somewhere about Kingstown or Dalkey, and 'carry on' pleasantly enough. You must find out his intentions, mother, before I commit myself to an acceptance. You must, indeed."

"Take my advice, Dudley, and look out for a house at once. You'll not be in *his* three weeks."

"I can submit to a great deal when it suits me, mother," said he, with a derisive smile, and a look of intense treachery at the same time.

"I suppose you can," said she, nodding an assent. "How is she?"

"As usual," said he, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"And the children?"

"They are quite well. By the way, before I forget it, don't let the Judge know

that I have already sent in my papers to sell out. I want him to believe that I do so now in consequence of his offer."

"It is not likely we shall soon meet, and I may not have an opportunity of mentioning the matter."

"You'll come to dinner to-day, won't you?"

"No."

"You ought, even out of gratitude on my account. It would be only commonly decent to thank him."

"I couldn't."

"Couldn't what? Couldn't come, or couldn't thank him?"

"Couldn't do either. You don't know, Dudley, that whenever our intercourse rises above the common passing courtesies of mere acquaintanceship, it is certain to end in a quarrel. We must never condemn or approve. We must never venture upon an opinion, lest it lead to a discussion, for discussion means a fight."

"Pleasant, certainly — pleasant and amiable too!"

"It would be better, perhaps, that I had some of that happy disposition of my son," said she, with a cutting tone, "and could submit to whatever suited me."

He started as if he had seen something, and, turning on her a look of passionate anger, began — "Is it from *you* that this should come?" Then suddenly recollecting himself, he subdued his tone, and said, "We'll not do better by losing our tempers. Can you put me in the way to raise a little money? I shall have the payment for my commission in about a fortnight; but I want a couple of hundred pounds at once."

"It's not two months since you raised five hundred."

"I know it, and there's the last of it. I left Lucy ten sovereigns when I came away, and this twenty pounds is all that I now have in the world."

"And all these fine dinners and grand entertainments that I have been told of — what was the meaning of them?"

"They were what the railway people call preliminary expenses, mother. Before one can get fellows to come to a house where there is play there must be a sort of easy style of good living established that all men like: excellent dinners and good wine are the tame elephants, and without them you'll not get the wild ones into your 'compound.'"

"And to tell me that this could pay!"

"Ay, and pay splendidly. If I had three thousand pounds in the world to carry on

with, I'd see the old Judge and his rotten place at Jericho before I'd accept it. One needs a little capital, that's all. It's just like blockade-running — you must be able to lose three for one you succeed with."

"I see nothing but ruin — disreputable ruin — in such a course."

"Come down and look at it, mother, and you'll change your mind. You'll own you never saw a better ordered society in your life — the *beau ideal* of a nice country house on a small scale. I admit our *chef* is not a Frenchman, and I have only one fellow out of livery; but the thing is well done, I promise you. As for any serious play, you'll never hear of it — never suspect it — no more than a man turning over Leech's sketches in a dentist's drawing-room suspects there's a fellow getting his eye-tooth extracted in the next room."

"I disapprove of it all, Dudley. It is sure to end ill."

"For that matter, mother so shall I! All I have asked from Fate this many a year is, a deferred sentence — a long day, my lord — a long day!"

"Tell Sir William I am sorry I can't dine at the Priory to-day. It is one of my cruel-headache days. Say you found me looking very poorly. It puts him in good-humour to hear it; and if you can get away in the evening, come in to tea."

"You will think of this loan I want — won't you?"

"I'll think of it, but I don't know what good thinking will do." She paused, and after a few minutes' silence said, "If you really are serious about taking up your abode at the Priory, you'll have to get rid of the grand-daughter."

"We could marry her off easily enough."

"You might, and you mightn't. If she marry to Sir William's satisfaction he'll leave her all he has in the world."

"Egad, he must have a rare taste in a son-in-law if he likes the fellow I'd promote to the place."

"You seem to forget, Dudley, that the young lady has a will of her own. She's a Lendrick too."

"With all my heart, mother. She'll not be a match for Lucy."

"And would *she*."

"Ay would she," interrupted he, "if her pride as a woman — if her jealousy, was touched. I have made her do more than that when I wounded her self-love!"

"You are a very amiable husband, I must say."

"We might be better, perhaps, mother;

but I suspect we are pretty much like our neighbours. And it's positive you won't come to dinner?"

"No! certainly not."

"Well, I'll try and look in at tea-time. You'll not forget what I spoke of. I shall be in funds in less than three weeks."

She gave a little incredulous laugh as she said good-bye. She had heard of such pledges before, and knew well what faith to attach to them.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

EVENING AT THE PRIORY.

THE Chief Baron brought his friend Haire back from Court to dine with him. The table had been laid for five, and it was only when Sewell entered the drawing-room that it was known Lady Lendrick had declined the invitation. Sir William heard the apology to the end; he even waited when Sewell concluded, to see if he desired to add anything more, but nothing came.

"In that case," said he at length, "we'll order dinner." That his irritation was extreme needed no close observation to detect, and the bell-rope came down with the pull by which he summoned the servant.

The dinner proceeded drearily enough. None liked to adventure on a remark which might lead to something unpleasant in discussion, and little was spoken on any side. Sewell praised the mutton, and the Chief Baron bowed stiffly. When Haire remarked that the pale sherry was excellent, he dryly told the butler to "fill Mr. Haire's glass;" and though Lucy, with more caution, was silent, she did not escape, for he turned towards her and said, "We have not been favoured with a word from your lips, Miss Lendrick; I hope these neuralgic headaches are not becoming a family affection."

"I am perfectly well, sir," said she, with a smile.

"It is Haire's fault, then," said the Judge, with one of his malicious twinkles of the eye — "all Haire's fault if we are dull. It is ever so with wits, Colonel Sewell; they will not perform to empty benches."

"I don't know whom you call a wit," began Haire.

"My dear friend, the men of pleasantry and happy conceits must no more deny the reputation that attaches to them than must a rich merchant dishonour his bill; nor need a man resent more being called a Wit, than being styled a Poet, a Painter, a Chief

Baron, or" — here he waved his hand towards Sewell, and bowing slightly, added — "a Chief Registrar to the Court of Exchequer."

"Oh, have you got the appointment?" said Haire to the Colonel. "I'm heartily glad of it. I'm delighted to know it has been given to one of the family."

"As I said a while ago," said the Judge, with a smile of deeper malice, "these witty fellows spare nobody! At the very moment he praises the sherry he disparages the host. Why should not this place be filled by one of my family, Haire? I call upon you to show cause."

"There's no reason against it. I never said there was. Nay, I was far from satisfied with you on the day you refused my prayer on behalf of one belonging to you."

"Sir, you are travelling out of the record," said the Judge, angrily.

"I can only say," added Haire, "that I wish Colonel Sewell joy with all my heart; and if he'll allow me, I'll do it in a bumper."

"A reason fair to drink his health again! That's not the line. How does it go Lucy? Don't you remember the verse?"

"No, sir; I never heard it."

"A reason fair — a reason fair." I declare I believe the newspapers are right. I am losing my memory. One of the scurrilous rascals t'other day said, they saw no reason Justice should be deaf as well as blind. Haire, was that yours?"

"A thousand a-year," muttered Haire to Sewell.

"What is that, Haire?" cried the old Judge. "Do I hear you aright? You utter one thousand things just as good every year?"

"I was speaking of the Registrar's salary," said Haire, half testily.

"A thousand a-year is a pittance — a mere pittance, sir, in a country like England. It is like the place at a window to see a procession. You may gaze at the passing tide of humanity, but must not dare to mix in it."

"And yet papa went half across the globe for it," said Lucy, with a flushed and burning cheek.

"In your father's profession the rewards are less money, Lucy, than the esteem and regard of society. I have ever thought it wise of our rulers not to bestow titles on physicians, but to leave them the unobtrusive and undistinguished comforters of every class and condition. The equal of any — the companion of all."

It was evident that the old Judge was

eager for discussion on anything. He had tried in vain to provoke each of his guests, and he was almost irritable at the deference accorded him.

"Do I see you pass the decanter, Colonel Sewell? Are you not drinking any wine?"

"No, my Lord."

"Perhaps you like coffee? Don't you think, Lucy, you could give him some?"

"Yes, sir. I shall be delighted."

"Very well. Haire and I will finish this magnum, and then join you in the drawing-room."

Lucy took Sewell's arm and retired. They were scarcely well out of the room when Sewell halted suddenly, and in a voice so artificial that, if Lucy had been given to suspectfulness, she would have detected at once, said, "Is the Judge always as pleasant and as witty as we saw him to-day?"

"To-day he was very far from himself; something, I'm sure, must have irritated him, for he was not in his usual mood."

"I confess I thought him charming; so full of neat reply, pleasant apropos, and happy quotation."

"He very often has days of all that you have just said, and I am delighted with them."

"What an immense gain to a young girl—I mean to one whose education and tastes have fitted her for it—to be the companion of such a mind as his! Who is this Mr. Haire?"

"A very old friend. I believe he was a schoolfellow of grandpapa's."

"Not his equal, I suspect, in ability or knowledge."

"Oh, nothing like it; a most worthy man, respected by every one, and devotedly attached to grandpapa, but not clever."

"The Chief, I remarked, called him witty," said Sewell, with a faint twinkle in his eye.

"It was done in jest. He is fond of fathering on him the smart sayings of the day, and watching his attempts to disown them."

"And Haire likes that?"

"I believe he likes grandpapa in every mood he has."

"What an invaluable friend! I wish to heaven he could find such another for me. I want—there's nothing I want more than some one who would always approve of me."

"Perhaps you might push this fidelity further than grandpapa does," said she, with a smile.

"You mean that it might not always be so easy to applaud *me*."

She only laughed and made no effort to disclaim the assertion.

"Well," said he, with a sigh, "who knows but if I live to be old and rich I may be fortunate enough to have such an accommodating friend? Who are the other inmates here? I ask because we are going to be domesticated also."

"I heard so this morning."

"I hope with pleasure, though you haven't said as much."

"With pleasure certainly; but with more misgiving than pleasure."

"Pray explain this."

"Simply that the very quiet life we lead here would not be endurable by people who like the world, and whom the world likes. We never see any one, we never go out, we have not even those second-hand glances at society that people have who admit gossiping acquaintances; in fact, regard what you have witnessed to-day as a dinner-party, and then fashion for yourself our ordinary life."

"And do *you* like it?"

"I know nothing else, and I am tolerably happy. If papa and Tom were here I should be perfectly happy."

"By Jove! you startle me," said he, throwing away the unlighted cigar he had held for some minutes in his fingers; "I didn't know it was so bad."

"It is possible he may relax for you and Mrs. Sewell; indeed, I think it more than likely that he will."

"Ay, but the relaxation might only be in favour of a few more like that old gent we had to-day. No, no—the thing will never work. I see it at once. My mother said we could not possibly stand it three weeks, and I perceive it is your opinion too."

"I did not say so much," said she, smiling.

"Joking apart," said he, in a tone that assuredly bespoke sincerity, "I couldn't stand such a dinner as we had to-day very often. I can bear being bullied, for I was brought up to it. I served on Rolfe's staff in Bombay for four years, and when a man has been an aide-de-camp he knows what being bullied means; but what I could not endure is that outpouring of conceit mingled with rotten recollections. Another evening of it would kill me."

"I certainly would not advise your coming here at that price," said she, with a gravity almost comical.

"The difficulty is how to get off. He appears to me to resent as an affront everything that differs from his own views."

"He is not accustomed to much contradiction."

"Not to any at all!"

The energy with which he said this made her laugh heartily, and he half smiled at the situation himself.

"They are coming up-stairs," said she; "will you ring for tea? — the bell is beside you."

"Oh, if they're coming I'm off. I promised my mother a short visit this evening. Make my excuses if I am asked for;" and with this he slipped from the room and went his way.

"Where's the Colonel, Lucy? has he gone to bed?"

"No, sir, he has gone to see his mother; he had made some engagement to visit her this evening."

"This new school of politeness is too liberal for my taste. When we were young men, Haire, we would not have ventured to leave the house where we had dined without saluting the host."

"I take it we must keep up with the spirit of our time."

"You mistake, Haire — it is the spirit of our time is in arrear. It is that same spirit lagging behind, and deserting the post it once occupied, makes us seem in default. Let us have the cribbage-board, Lucy. Haire has said all the smart things he means to give us this evening, and I will take my revenge at the only game at which I am his master. Haire, who reads men like a book, Lucy," continued the Chief, as he dealt the cards, "says that our gallant friend will rebel against our humdrum life here. I demur to the opinion — what say you?" But he was now deep in his game, and never heeded the answer.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SEWELL'S TROUBLES.

"A LETTER for you by the post, sir, and his lordship's compliments to say he is waiting breakfast," were the first words which Sewell heard, the next morning.

"Waiting breakfast! Tell him not to wait — I mean, make my respects to his lordship, and say I feel very poorly to-day — that I think I'll not get up just yet."

"Would you like to see Dr. Beattie, sir? — he's in the drawing-room."

"Nothing of the kind. It's a complaint I caught in India; I manage it myself. Bring me up some coffee and rum in about an hour, and mind don't disturb me on any

account till then. What an infernal house!" muttered he, as the man withdrew. "A subaltern called up for morning parade has a better life than this. Nine o'clock only! What can this old ass mean by this pretended activity? Upon whom can it impose? Who will believe that it signifies a rush whether he lay abed till noon or rose by daybreak?" A gentle tap came to the door, but as he made no reply there came after a pause another a little louder. Sewell still preserved silence, and at last the sound of retiring footsteps along the corridor. Not if I know it," muttered he to himself as he turned round and fell off asleep again.

"The coffee, sir, and a dispatch; shall I sign the receipt for you?" said the servant, as he reappeared about noon.

"Yes; open the window a little and leave me."

Leaning on his arm he tore open the envelope and glanced at the signature — Lucy. He then read, "Send down Eccles or Beattie by next train; he is worse." He read and re-read this at least half-a-dozen times over before he bethought him of the letter that lay still unopened on the bed. He now broke the seal; it was also from his wife, dated the preceding evening, and very brief: —

"DEAR DUDLEY, — Mr. Trafford has had a severe fall. Crescy balked at the brook and fell afterwards. Trafford was struck on the head as he rose by Mr. Creagh's horse. It is feared the skull is fractured. You are much blamed for having asked him to ride a horse so much under his weight. All have refused to accept their bets but Kinshela the grocer. I have written to Sir H. Trafford, and I telegraphed to him Dr. Tobin's opinion, which is not favourable. I suppose you will come back at once; if not, telegraph what you advise to be done. Mr. Balfour is here still, but I do not find he is of much use. The veterinary decided Crescy should be shot, as the plate bone, I think be called it, was fractured; and as he was in great pain I consented. I hope I have done right. — Yours truly,

"LUCY SEWELL."

"Here's a go! a horse I refused four hundred and fifty for on Tuesday last! I am a lucky dog, there's no denying it. I didn't know there was a man in Europe could have made that horse balk his fence. What a rumpus to make about a fellow getting a 'cropper.' My share of the dis-

aster is a deuced deal the worst. I'll never chance on such a horse again. How am I to find either of these men?" muttered he, as he took up the telegram. He rang the bell violently, and scarcely ceased to pull at it till the servant entered.

"Where does Dr. Eccles live?"

"Sir Gilbert, sir?"

"Ay, if he be Sir Gilbert."

"Merrion Square, sir," said the man reproachfully, for he thought it rather hard to ignore one of the great celebrities of the land.

"Take this note to him, that I'll write now, and if he be from home go to the other man — what's his name? — Beattie."

"Dr. Beattie is coming to dinner to-day, sir," said the servant, thinking to facilitate matters.

"Just do as I tell you, my good fellow, and don't interrupt. If I am to take up my quarters here, you'll all of you have to change some of your present habits." As he spoke, he dashed off a few hasty lines, addressing them to Sir Gilbert Eccles or Dr. Beattie. Ask if it's 'all right;' that will be sufficient reply; and now, send me my bath." As he proceeded with his dressing — a very lengthy affair it always was — he canvassed with himself whether or not he ought to take the train and go down to the country with the Doctor. Possibly few men in such circumstances would have given the matter a doubt. The poor fellow who had incurred the mishap had been, at his instance, acting for him. Had it not been for Sewell's pressing this task upon him, Trafford would at that moment have been hale and hearty. Sewell knew all this well; he read the event just as nineteen out of every twenty would have read it, but having done so, he proceeded to satisfy himself why all these reasonings should give way to weightier considerations.

First of all, it would not be quite convenient to let the old Judge know anything of these doings in the country. His strait-laced notions might revolt at races and betting rings. It might not be perhaps decorous that a registrar of a high court should be the patron of such sports. These were prudential reasons, which he dilated on for some time. Then came some others more sentimental. It was to a house of doctors and nurses, and gloom and sorrow, he should go back. All these were to him peculiarly distasteful. He should be tremendously "bored" by it all, and being "bored" was to him whatever was least tolerable in life. It was strange that there was one other reason stronger than all these — a

reason that really touched him in what was the nearest thing in his nature to heart. He couldn't go back and look at the empty loose-box where his favourite horse once stood, and where he was never to stand more. Crescy — the animal he was so proud of — the horse he counted on for who knows what future triumphs — the first steeple-chase horse, he felt convinced, in Ireland, if not in the kingdom — such strength, such power in the loins, such square joints, such courage, should he ever see united again? If there was anything in that man's nature that represented affection, he had it for this horse. He knew well to what advantage he looked when on his back — he knew what admiration and envy it drew upon him to see him thus mounted. He had won him at billiards from a man who was half-broken-hearted at parting with him, and who offered immense terms rather than lose him.

"He said, I'd have no luck with him," muttered Sewell, now in his misery — "and, confound the fellow, he was right. No, I can't go back to look at his empty stall. It would half kill me."

It was very real grief all this; he was as thoroughly heart-sore as it was possible for him to be. He sorrowed for what nothing in his future life could replace to him; and this is a very deep sorrow.

Trafford's misfortune was so much the origin and cause of his own disaster, that he actually thought of him with bitterness. The man who could make Crescy balk! What fate could be too hard for him?

Nor was he quite easy in his mind about that passage in his wife's letter stating that men would not take their bets. Was this meant as reflecting upon him? Was it a censure on him for making Trafford ride a horse beneath his weight? "They get up some stupid cry of that sort," muttered he, "as if I am not the heaviest loser of all. I lose a horse that was worth a score of Traffords."

When dressed, Sewell went down to the garden and lit his cigar. His sorrow had grown calmer, and he began to think that in the new life before him he should have had to give up horses and sport of every kind. "I must make my book now on this old fellow, and get him to make me his heir. He cares little for his son, and he can be made to care just as little for his granddaughter. That's the only game open to me — a dreary life it promises to be, but it's better than a jail."

The great large wilderness of a garden, stretching away into an orchard at the end,

was in itself a place to suggest sombre thoughts — so silent and forsaken did it all appear. The fruit lay thick on the ground uncared for — the artichokes, grown to the height of shrubs, looked monsters of uncouthness; and even in the alleys flower-seeds had fallen and given birth to flowers, which struggled up through the gravel and hung their bright petals over the footway. There was in the neglect, the silence, the uncared-for luxuriance of the place, all that could make a moody man moodier; and as he knocked off the great heads of the tall hollyhocks, he thought, and even said aloud, "This is about as much amusement as such a spot offers."

"Oh no, not so bad as that," said a laughing voice, and Lucy peeped over a laurel-hedge with a rake in her hand, and seemed immensely amused at his discomfiture.

"Where are you? — I mean, how is one to come near you?" said he, trying to laugh, but not successfully.

"Go round yonder by the fish-pond, and you'll find a wicket. This is *my* garden, and I till it myself."

"So!" said he, entering a neat little enclosure, with beds of flowers and flowering shrubs, "this is your garden?"

"Yes — what do you think of it?"

"It's very pretty — it's very nice. I should like it larger, perhaps."

"So would I; but, being my own garden-er, I find it quite big enough."

"Why don't the Chief give you a gardener? — he's rich enough surely."

"He never cared for gardening himself. Indeed, I think it is the wild confusion of foliage here that he likes. He said to me one day, 'In *my* old garden a man loses himself in thought. In this trimly kept place one is ever occupied by the melon-frame or the forcing-house.'"

"That's the dreadful thing about old people; they are ever for making the whims and crotchets of age the rules of life to others. I wonder you bear this so well."

"I didn't know that I bore anything," said she, with a smile.

"That's true slave doctrine, I must say; and when one does not feel bondage, there's no more to be said."

"I suspect I have a great deal more freedom than most girls; my time is almost all my own, to dispose of as I will. I read or play or walk or work as I feel inclined. If I wish to occupy myself with household matters, I am the mistress here."

"In other words, you are free to do everything that is not worth doing — you lead the life of a nun in a convent, only that you have not even a sister nun to talk to."

"And which are the things you say are worth doing?"

"Would you not care to go out into the world, to mix in society, to go to balls, theatres, fêtes, and such like? would you not like to ride? I don't mean it for flattery, but would you not like the admiration you would be sure to meet — the sort of homage people render to beauty, the only tribute the world ever paid freely, — are all these not worth something?"

"I am sure they are: they are worth a great deal to those who can enjoy them with a happy heart; but remember, Colonel Sewell, I have a father living in exile, simply to earn a livelihood, and I have a brother toiling for his bread in a strange land; is it likely I could forget these, or is it likely that I could carry such cares about with me, and enjoy the pleasures you tell of?"

"Oh! as for that, I never met the man nor woman either that could bring into the world a mind unburdened by care. You must take life as it is. If I was to wait for a heart at ease before I went into society, I'd have to decline a few dinner-parties. Your only chance of a little respite, besides, is at your age. The misfortunes of life begin a light drizzle, but become a regular downpour when one gets to *my* time of life. Let me just tell you what this morning brought forth. A letter and then a telegram from my wife, to tell me that my favourite horse — an animal worth five hundred pounds if he was worth five shillings — the truest, bravest, best horse I ever backed — has just been killed by a stupid fellow I got to ride for me. What he did to make the horse refuse his leap, what magic he used, what conjuring trick he performed, I can't tell. With *me* it was enough to show him his fence, and if I wanted it I couldn't have held him back. But this fellow, a dragoon too, and the crack rider of his regiment, contrives to discourage my poor beast, then rushes him at the jump at half speed. I know it was a wide-ish brook, and they tumbled in, and my horse smashed his blade-bone — of course there was nothing for it but to shoot him."

"How sad! I am really sorry for you."

"And all this came of the old Judge's message, the stupidity of sending me five words in a telegram, instead of writing a proper note, and saying what he wanted. But for that I'd have stayed at home, ridden my horse, won my match, and spared myself the whole disaster."

"Grandpapa is often very hasty in his decisions, but I believe he seldom sees cause to revoke them."

"The old theory, 'the king can do no wrong,' said Sewell, with a saucy laugh; "but remember he can often do a deal of mischief incidentally, as it were — as on the present occasion."

"And the rider, what of him? did he escape unhurt?" said she, eager to avoid unpleasant discussion.

"The rider! my dear young lady," said he, with affected slowness — "the rider came to grief. What he did, or how he did it, to throw my poor horse down, is his own secret, and, from what I hear, he is likely to keep it. No, no, don't look so horrified — he's not killed, but I don't suspect he's a long way off it. He got a smashing fall at a fence I'd have backed myself to ride with my hands tied. Ay, and to have my good horse back again, I'd ride in that fashion to-morrow."

"And the poor fellow, where is he now?"

"The poor fellow is receiving the very sweetest of Mrs. Sewell's attentions. He is at my house — in all likelihood in my room — not that he is very conscious of all the favours bestowed upon him."

"Oh, don't talk with that pretended indifference. You must be, you cannot help being, deeply sorry for what has happened."

"There can be very little doubt on that score. I've lost such a horse as I never shall own again."

"Pray think of something besides your horse. Who was he? what's his name?"

"A stranger — an Englishman; you never heard of him; and I wish I had never heard of him!"

"What are you smiling at?" said she, after a pause, for he stood as though reflecting, and a very strange half-smile moved his mouth.

"I was just thinking," said he gravely, "what his younger brother ought to give me; for this fellow was an elder son, and heir to a fine estate too."

She turned an indignant glance towards him, and moved away. He was quickly after her, however, and laying his hand on her arm, said good-humouredly, "Come, don't be angry with me. I'm sorry, if you like — I'm very sorry for this poor fellow. I won't say that my own loss does not dash my sorrow with a little anger — he was such a horse! and the whole thing was such a blunder! as fair a brook — with a high bank, it's true — but as fair a fence as ever a man rode at, and ground like this we're walking over to take off from."

"Is he in danger?"

"I believe so; here's what my wife says. Oh, I haven't got the letter about me, but it comes to this, I was to send down one of the best doctors by the first train, telling him it was a case of compression or concussion, which is it? And so I have despatched Beattie, your grandfather's man. I suppose there's no better?"

"But why have you not gone back yourself? he was a friend, was he not?"

"Yes, he was what people would call a friend. I'm like the hare in the fable, I have many friends; but if I must be confidential, I'll tell you why I did not go. I had a notion just as likely to be wrong as right, that the Chief would take offence at his Registrar being a sporting character, and that if I were to absent myself just now, he'd find out the reason, whereas by staying here I could keep all quiet, and when Beattie came back I could square him."

"You could what?"

"A thousand pardons for my bit of slang; but the fact is, just as one talks French when he wants to say nothings, one takes to slang when one requires to be shifty. I meant to say, I could manage to make the Doctor hold his tongue."

"Not if grandpapa were to question him."

Sewell smiled, and shook his head in dissent.

"No, no. You're quite mistaken in Dr. Beattie; and what's more, you're quite mistaken in grandpapa too, if you imagine that he'll think the better of you for forgetting the claims of friendship."

"There was none."

"Well, of humanity, then! It was in your cause this man suffered, and it is in your house he lies ill. I think you ought to be there also."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it. You know the world a great deal better than I do, and you can tell what people will say of your absence, but I think it requires no knowledge of more than one's own nature to feel what is right and proper here."

"Indeed!" said he reflectingly.

"Don't you agree with me?"

"Perhaps — that is, in part. I suppose what you mean about the world is, that there will be some scandal afloat, the 'young wife' story, and all that sort of balderdash?"

"I really do not understand you."

"You don't?"

"No. Certainly not. What do you mean?"

"Possibly you did not understand me."

Well, if I am to go, there's no time to be lost. It's four o'clock already, and the last train leaves at five forty. I will go."

"You are quite right."

"You'll make my excuses to the Chief. You'll tell him that my wife's message was so alarming, that I could not delay my departure. Beattie will probably be back to-morrow, and bring you news of us."

"Won't you write a few lines?"

"I'm not sure, — I'll not promise. I'm a bad penman, but my wife will write, I've no doubt. Say all sorts of affectionate and dutiful things to the Chief for me; tell him I went away in despair at not being able to say good-bye; he likes that style of thing, doesn't he?"

"I don't think he cares much for 'that style of thing,'" said she, with a saucy smile.

"What a capital mimic you are! Do you know I am just beginning to suspect that you are, for all your quiet simplicity of manner, a deuced deep one? Am I right?"

She shook her head, but made no reply.

"Not that I'd like you the less for it," said he, eagerly; "on the contrary, we'd understand each other all the better; there's nothing like people talking the same language, eh?"

"I hope you'll not lose your train," said she, looking at her watch; "I am half-past four."

"A broad hint," said he, laughing; bye-bye — *à bientôt*."

CHAPTER XXXV.

BEATTIE'S RETURN.

THE old Chief sat alone in his dining-room over his wine. If somewhat fatigued by the labours of the day — for the Court had sat late — he showed little of exhaustion; still less was he, as his years might have excused, drowsy or heavy. He sat bolt upright in his chair, and by an occasional gesture of his hand, or motion of his head, seemed as though he were giving assent to some statement he was listening to, or making his comments on it as it proceeded.

The post had brought a letter to Lucy just as dinner was over. It bore the post-mark "Cagliari," and was in her brother's hand, and the old man, with considerate kindness, told her to go to her room and read it. "No, my dear child," said he as she arose to leave the room; "no! I shall

not be lonely — where there is memory, there are troops of friends. Come back and tell me your news when you have read your letter."

More than an hour passed over, and he sat there heedless of time. A whole long life was passing in review before him, not connectedly, or in due sequence of events, but in detached scenes and incidents. Now it was some stormy night in the old Irish House, when Flood and Grattan exchanged their terrific denunciations and insults — now it was a brilliant dinner at Ponsonby's, with all the wits of the day — now he was leading the famous Kitty O'Dwyer, the beauty of the Irish Court; to her carriage, amid such a murmur of admiration as made the progress a triumph — or again it was a raw morning of November, and he was driving across the Park to be present at Curran's meeting with Egan.

A violent ring of the hall bell startled him, and before he could inquire the cause a servant had announced Dr. Beattie.

"I thought I might be fortunate enough to catch you before bed-hour," said the Doctor, "and I knew you would like to hear some tidings of my mission."

"You have been to — Where have you been?" said the old Judge, embarrassed between the late flood of his recollections and the sudden start of his arrival.

"To Killaloe, to see that poor fellow who had the severe fall in the hurdle race."

"Ay — to be sure — yes. I remember all now. Give me a moment, however." He nodded his head twice or thrice, as if concurring with some statement, and then said, "Go on, sir; the Court is with you."

Beattie proceeded to detail the accident and the state of the sufferer — of whom he pronounced favourably — saying that there was no fracture, nor anything worse than severe concussion. "In fact," said he, "were it an hospital case, I'd say there was very little danger."

"And do you mean to tell me, sir," said the Judge, who had followed the narrative with extreme attention, "that the man of birth and blood must succumb in any conflict more readily than the low born?"

"It's not the individual I was thinking of, so much as his belongings here. What I fear for in the present case is what the patient must confront every day of his convalescence."

Seeing that the Judge waited for some explanation, Beattie began to relate that, as he had started from Dublin the day before, he found himself in the same carriage

with the young man's mother, who had been summoned by telegraph to her son's bedside.

"I have met," said he, "in my time, nearly all sorts and conditions of people. Indeed, a doctor's life brings him into contact with more maladies of nature and temperament than diseases of material origin; but anything like this woman I never saw before. To begin: she combined within herself two qualities that seem opposed to each other—a most lavish candour on the score of herself and her family, and an intense distrust of all the rest of mankind. She told me she was a baronet's wife—how she had married him—where they lived—what his estate was worth—how this young fellow had become, by the death of a brother, the heir to the property—and how his father, indignant at his extravagance, had disentailed the estate, to leave it to a younger son if so disposed. She showed at times the very greatest anxiety about her son's state; but at other moments just as intense an eagerness to learn what schemes and intrigues were being formed against him—who were the people in whose house he then was—what they were—and how he came there. To all my assurances that they were persons in every respect her son's equals, she answered by a toss of the head or a saucy half laugh. 'Irish?' asked she. 'Yes, Irish.' 'I thought so,' rejoined she; 'I told Sir Hugh I was sure of it, though he said there were English Sewells.' From this instant her distrust broke forth. All Ireland had been in a conspiracy against her family for years. She had a brother, she said it with a shiver of horror, who was cruelly beaten by an attorney in Cork for a little passing pleasantry to the man's sister; he had kissed her, or something of the kind, in a railroad carriage; and her cousin—poor dear Cornwallis Merivale—it was in Ireland he found that creature that got the divorce against him two years ago. She went on to say that there had been a plot against her son, in the very neighbourhood where he now lay ill, only a year ago—some intrigue to involve him in a marriage, the whole details of which she threatened me with the first time we should be alone.

"Though at some moments expressing herself in terms of real affection and anxiety about her poor son, she would suddenly break off to speculate on what might happen from his death. 'You know, Doctor, there is only one more boy, and if his life lapsed, Holt and the Holt estate goes to the Carringtons.'"

"An odious woman, sir—a most odious woman; I only wonder why you continued to travel in the same carriage with her."

"My profession teaches great tolerance," said the Doctor, mildly.

"Don't call tolerance, sir, what there is the better word for, subserviency. I am amazed how you endured this woman."

"Remember—it is to be remembered—that in my version of her I have condensed the conversation of some hours, and given you, as it were, the substance of much talking; and also, that I have not attempted to convey what certainly was a very perfect manner. She had no small share of good looks, a very sweet voice, and considerable attraction in point of breeding."

"I will accept none of these as alleviations, sir; her blandishments cannot blind the Court."

"I will not deny their influence upon myself," said Beattie, gently.

"I can understand you, sir," said the Judge, pompously. "The habits of your profession teach you to swallow so much that is nauseous in a sweet vehicle, that you carry the same custom into morals."

Beattie laughed so heartily at the analogy that the old man's good-humour returned to him, and he bade him continue his narrative.

"I have not much more to tell. We reached the house by about eleven o'clock at night, and my fellow-traveller sat in the carriage till I announced her to Mrs. Sewell. My own cares called me to the sick-room, and I saw no more of the ladies till this morning, just before I came away."

"She is then domesticated there. She has taken up her quarters at the Sewells' house?"

"Yes. I found her maid, too, had taken possession of Colonel Sewell's dressing-room, and dispossessed a number of his chattels to make room for her own."

"It is a happy thing, a very happy thing for me, that I have not been tried by these ordeals," said the Judge, with a long-drawn breath. "I wonder how Colonel Sewell will endure it."

"I have no means of knowing; he arrived late at night, and was still in bed and asleep when I left."

"You have not told me these people's name?"

"Trafford—Sir Hugh Beechan Trafford of Holt-Trafford, Staffordshire."

"I have met the man, or rather his father, for it was nigh fifty years ago—an old family, and of Saxon origin; and his wife—who was she?"

"Her name was Merivale: her father, I think, was Governor of Madras."

"If so, sir, she has hereditary claims for impertinence and presumption. Sir Ulysses Merivale enjoyed the proud distinction of being the most insolent man in England. It is well that you have told me who she was, Beattie, for I might have made a very fatal blunder. I was going to write to Sewell to say, 'As this is a great issue, I would advise you to bring down your mother, "special," but I recall my intention. Lady Lendrick would have no chance against Lady Trafford. Irish insolence has not the finish of the English article, and we put an alloy of feeling in it that destroys it altogether. Will the young man recover?'"

"He is going on favourably, and I see nothing to apprehend, except, indeed, that the indiscretions of his mother may prejudice his case. She is very likely to insist on removing him; she hinted it to me as I took my leave."

"I will write to the Sewells to come up here at once. They shall evacuate the territory, and leave her in possession. As persons closely connected with my family, they must not have this outrage put upon them." He rang the bell violently, and desired the servant to request Miss Lendrick to come to him.

"She is not very well, my lord, and has gone to her room. She told Mrs. Beales to serve your lordship's tea when you were ready for it."

"What is this? What does all this mean?" said the old Judge, eagerly; for the idea of any one presuming to be ill without duly apprising him — without the preliminary step of ascertaining that it could not inconvenience him — was more than he was fully prepared for.

"Tell Mrs. Beales I want her," said he, as he rose and left the room. Muttering angrily as he went, he ascended the stairs and traversed the long corridor which led to Lucy's room; but before he had reached the door the housekeeper was at his side.

"Miss Lucy said she'd like to see your lordship, if it wasn't too much trouble, my lord."

"I am going to see her. Ask her if I may come in."

"Yes, my lord," said Mrs. Beales from the open door. "She is awake."

"My own dear grandpapa," said Lucy, stretching out her arms to him from her bed, "how good and kind of you to come here!"

"My dear, dear child," said he, fondly;

"tell me you are not ill; tell me that it is a mere passing indisposition."

"Not even so much, grandpapa. It is simply a headache. I was crying, and I was ashamed that you should see it; and I walked out into the air; and I came back again, trying to look at ease; and my head began to throb and to pain me so, that I thought it best to go to bed. It was a letter I got — a letter from Cagliari. Poor Tom has had the terrible fever of the island. He said nothing about it at first, but now he has relapsed. There are only three lines in his own hand — the rest is from his friend. You shall see what he says. It is very short, and not very hard to read."

The old man put on his spectacles and read —

"My very dear Lucy."

"Who presumes to address you in this way? Brook Fossbrooke! What! is this the man who is called Sir Brook Fossbrooke? By what means have you become so intimate with a person of his character?"

"I know nothing better, nothing more truly noble and generous, than his character," said she, holding her temples as she spoke, for the pain of her head was almost agony. "Do read on — read on, dearest grandpapa."

He turned again to the letter, and read it over in silence till he came to the few words in Tom's hand, which he read aloud: — "Darling Lu — I shall be all right in a week. Don't fret, but write me a long — long" — he had forgotten the word "letter," "and love me always."

She burst into tears as the old man read the words, for by some strange magic, the syllables of deep affection, uttered by one unmoved, smite the heart with a pang that is actual torture. "I will take this letter down to Beattie, Lucy, and 'hear what he says of it," said the old man, and left the room.

"Read this, Beattie, and tell me what you say to it," said the Chief Baron, as he handed the Doctor Sir Brook's letter. "I'll tell you of the writer when you have read it."

Beattie read the note in silence, and as he laid it on the table said, "I know the man, and his strange old-fashioned writing would have recalled him without his name."

"And what do you know of him, sir?" asked the Judge, sternly.

"I can tell you the story in three words: He came to consult me one morning,

about six or eight months ago. It was about an insurance on his life—a very small sum he wanted to raise, to go out to this very place he writes from. He got to talk about the project, and I don't exactly know how it came about—I forget the details now—but it ended by my lending him the money myself."

"What, sir! do you combine usury with physic?"

"On that occasion I appear to have done so," said Beattie, laughing.

"And you advanced a sum of money to a man whom you saw for the first time, simply on his showing that his life was too insecure to guarantee repayment?"

"That puts the matter a little too nakedly."

"It puts it truthfully, sir, I apprehend."

"If you mean that the man impressed me so favourably that I was disposed to do him a small service, you are right."

"You and I, Beattie, are too old for this impulsive generosity—too old by thirty years! After forty, philanthropy should take a chronic form, and never have paroxysms. I think I am correct in my medical language."

"Your medicine pleases me more than your morality," said Beattie, laughing; "but to come back to this Sir Brook—I wish you had seen him."

"Sir, I have seen him, and I have heard of him, and if not at liberty to say what I have heard of him, it is quite enough to state that my information cannot corroborate your opinion."

"Well, my lord, the possibility of what I might hear will not shake the stability of what I have seen. Remember that we doctors imagine we read human nature by stronger spectacles than the laity generally."

"You imagine it, I am aware, sir; but I have met with no such instances of acuteness amongst your co-professionals as would sustain the claim; but why are we wandering from the record? I gave you that letter to read that you might tell me, is this boy's case a dangerous one?"

"It is a very grave case, no doubt? this is the malaria fever of Sardinia—bad enough with the natives, but worse with strangers. He should be removed to better air at once if he could bear removal."

"So is it ever with your art," said the Judge, in a loud declamatory voice. "You know nothing in your difficulties but a piteous entreaty to the unknown resources of nature to assist you. No, sir; I will not hear your defence; there is no issue before

the Court. What sort of practitioners have they in this island?"

"Rude enough, I can believe."

"Could a man of eminence be found to go out there and see him?"

"A man in large practice could not spare the time; but there are men of ability who are not yet in high repute; one of these might be possibly induced."

"And what might the expense be?"

"A couple of hundred—say three hundred pounds, would perhaps suffice."

"Go up-stairs and see my grand-daughter. She is very nervous and feverish; calm her mind so far as you are able; say that we are concerting measures for her brother's benefit; and by the time you shall come down again I will have made up my mind what to do."

Beattie was a valued friend of Lucy's, and she was glad to see him enter her room, but she would not suffer him to speak of herself; it was of poor Tom alone she would talk. She heard with delight the generous intentions of her grandfather, and exclaimed with rapture, "This is his real nature, and yet it is only by the little foibles of his temper that the world knows him; but we, Doctor, we, who see him as he is, know how noble-hearted and affectionate he can be!"

"I must hasten back to him," said Beattie, after a short space; "for should he decide on sending out a doctor, I must lose no time, as I must return to see this young fellow at Killaloe to-morrow."

"Oh, in my greater anxieties I forgot him! How is he?—will he recover?"

"Yes, I regard him as out of danger—that is, if Lady Trafford can be persuaded not to talk him into a relapse."

"Lady Trafford! who is she?"

"His mother: she arrived last night."

"And his name is Trafford, and his Christian name Lionel!"

"Lionel Wentworth Trafford. I took it from his dressing-case when I prescribed for him."

Lucy had been leaning on her arm as she spoke, but she now sank slowly backwards and fainted.

It was a long time before consciousness came back, and even then she lay voiceless and motionless; and, though she heard what Beattie said to her, unable to speak to him, or intimate by a gesture that she heard him.

The Doctor needed no confidences—he read the whole story. There are expressions in the human face which have no reference to physical ills; nor are they indi-

cations of bodily suffering. He who asked, "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" knew how hopeless was his question; and this very despair it is—this sense of an affliction beyond the reach of art—gives a character to the expression which the doctor's eye never fails to discriminate from the look worn by malady.

As she lay there motionless, her large eyes looking at him with that expression in which eagerness struggles against debility, he saw how he had become her confidant.

"Come, my dear child," said he, taking her hand between both his own, "you have no occasion for fears on this score—so far I assure you, on my honour."

She gave his hand a slight, a very slight, pressure, and tried to say something, but could not.

"I will go down now, and see what is to be done about your brother;" she nodded,

and he continued, "I will pay you another visit to-morrow early, before I leave town, and let me find you strong and hearty; and remember, that though I force no confidences, Lucy, I will not refuse them if you offer."

"I have none, sir—none," said she, in a voice of deep melancholy.

"So that I know all that is to be known?" asked he.

"All, sir," said she, with a trembling lip.

"Well, accept me as a friend whom you may trust, my dear Lucy. If you want me I will not fail you; and if you have no need of me, there is nothing that has passed to-day between us ever to be remembered—you understand me?"

"I do, sir. You will come to-morrow—won't you?"

He nodded assent, and left her.

EVENING HYMN.

HELP me, my God and King,
Rightly Thy praise to sing,
And Thee for everything
Ever adore :

For all Thy light to-day,
Lighting my darksome way,
With its celestial ray
Going before :

For that rich heavenly food
Feast of Thy flesh and blood,
Life, strength, and healthful mood
Quick'ning in me :

And for my safe retreat
From the world's storm and heat,
Under Thy mercy-seat
Hiding in Thee.

Lord, in Thy loving voice
Let my cold heart rejoice;
Oh, may my ready choice
Make Thee my Guest!*

Sombre the night, and drear,
Oh, let me find Thee near,
My fainting soul to cheer
With quiet rest!

On that dear breast of Thine
May I my head recline,
And may that touch divine
Thrill through my soul!

Cleansing away all dross,
Counting all else but loss,
May I Thy sacred Cross
Take for my goal!

Strong in the strength of God,
Freed from my sinful load,
Daily to tread the road
Leading to Thee.

Shield, sword, and helmet — Thine,
Strength, courage, aid — divine,
Only this body — mine;
So let it be.

Keen be the fight below,
Hard be the tempter's blow,
Nothing can overthrow
Whom Thou dost keep.

Waiting Thy great behest,
I lay me down to rest;
Calm Thou my troubled breast,
Grant me sweet sleep.

— Sunday Magazine.

E. S. D.

* Rev. ill. 20.

NUNC EST BIBENDUM.

HUNGARIAN wine, Hungarian wine,
('Twas thus mellifluous GLADSTONE sung)
Thy hue is bright, thy tone is fine,
And suited to an English tongue.
And if thy names are slightly hard,
They'll soon be learned by pensive BULL;
When on each vinous merchant's card,
He reads thy titles clear and full.

The Badacsony's good as needs,
'Tis free from acid, white, and dry;
The Pesther Steinbruch, flowing, pleads
It's just the thing to wet your eye.
The Szamorodny's dry Tokay,
The Ruszta is a rich white flood;
And when the Hock pours bright and gay,
It cools the brain and warms the blood.

Red Adelberger Ofner, thou,
The oftener drank the more art loved;
To thee, full Menes, let me bow,
For what I mean is, "much approved."
Erlaure, the man who likes not thee,
Gives me small promise of his wits;
Now to my lips, my bright, my free,
My proud, my glowing Carlovitz!

More, many more I call to mind,
Which soon shall household words be made,
Now Austria hath her Treaty signed,
And vowed to something like Free Trade.
The House shall know its Leader's choice
When GLADSTONE'S self with GLADSTONE
dines;
And I will bid you all rejoice,
O Thirsty Souls; in Hungary wines.

Punch.

THE INS AND OUTS OF THE CASE AT WASHINGTON.

SAYS JOHNSON, "To hold that the States of
the South,
Were e'er out of the Union is sin."
Says Congress, "Wa'al, guess if they never
were out,
There ain't no call for letting 'em in."

Punch.

* 1.
man an
2. H.
Great.
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THIRTE